SOMETHING IMPORTANT INSIDE

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 82. [Published Every Monday.] Week Ending May 28th, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 82. WEEK ENDING MAY 28TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

OUR NEW KING.

A LOYAL TRIBUTE.

By the time these lines appear in print, the nation will already have formed its estimate of King George the Fifth. That the opinion will be a highly favourable one is certain.

Our new King has had to fight down scandal as his father did before him. The tongue of rumour has assailed King George the Fifth, just as it assailed his illustrious father. The origin of unkind gossip lies in the inclination of malevolent people who, not to be lowest, seek to level all.

We have a cursed proverb that says: "Where there is smoke there must be some fire." The smoke of scandal has risen around every eminent personage, and those responsible for it are the more cowardly because it is beneath the dignity of the personage concerned to refute the libels.

Insinuations were made against the character of the early life of King Edward the Seventh. He took no notice of them. He lived his life as a king, did his work for his country, and by his actions threw the lie into the teeth of those who tried to pull him down.

Against his son, our present King, scandal has found it difficult to discover even a solitary peg upon which to hang an accusation.

The worst that has been alleged has been that he is incompetent to hold his position. A man who, while his father still lies unburied, while his mother is hourly and momentarily visiting the death chamber, and who, being a man of intense emotion, is naturally affected by his family loss, can yet think of other people as he did by ordering the theatres to reopen, and by asking his subjects to enjoy themselves to their heart's content during the Whitsun holidays, is something more than an ordinary man. His one thought has been consideration of others. That is the type of ruler to whom we have been accustomed for the past ten years. It is the type of ruler we have now. Long may he be spared to us!

With such a public as those to whom I am now writing, some practical evidence of ability in sport is perhaps the highest recommendation. In King George the Fifth it is easy to find it, for he is admittedly one of the two best shots in Great Britain. A man who is a good shot is necessarily a man of temperate life and steady nerve.

As so many readers of this paper are Territorials, it may be worth while quoting from a speech which he recently made in regard to military training. He advocated such training "not with a view to militarising the population, but in order to cultivate physical exercise and discipline, and the art of shooting, sufficiently to make everyone feel that he is developing into a man, and that, at all events, he may be of some use should his services ever be required in the defence of his country."

While we mourn for King Edward, we rejoice in having found someone so worthy to follow in his footsteps.

H. J. CARDIGAN.

IN MEMORY.

It is my extreme regret that circumstances have prevented my dealing in an earlier number with the death of our beloved Sovereign, King Edward the Seventh. Weekly papers of this class go to press a considerable time in advance of publication, and this is the first opportunity I have had.

Tributes have been paid to his ability as a statesman by newspapers of every political creed. Admittedly he was a man who stood above party, who thought of his country and of his people first and foremost, who thought of their future, of their troubles, even of their dissensions, and who thought of himself last of all. Among the final words that he uttered were: "I shall work to the end."

We all of us have to die some time, and I doubt whether any man could die a better or a happier death than fighting.

Our King died fighting. His was not the era of battle and bloodshed, but of statesmanship and diplomacy. How much he did for his country it is impossible to compute. He fought for his country according to the modern manner of fighting. He made treaties, he established good understandings between countries, and it was upon such work that he was engaged to the moment when he became unconscious and started upon that great voyage which we all of us have to take some day. God grant that we may take it with as much honour and with as much confidence as that with which he started upon it!

At such a time as this I wish most heartily that I had been given the talent for writing. The heart may feel what the tongue and the pen find it difficult to express. Better men than I have paid their tribute to our late sovereign as a statesman and as a sportsman. I lay my humble wreath at his tomb as a man.

As a statesman, his abilities were unquestioned.

As a sportsman his position has never been disputed. Three times he won the Derby, thus securing a record in the sport of kings. In these and in all other respects I leave his memory to more able pens than mine. It is as a man that I honour him on behalf of myself and my readers.

He was our King. He was the King of our country, and the King of our hearts. We worshipped him as a typical Englishman, and I doubt whether if he were alive he would care to possess any better title than that.

His pluck was undoubted. More than once his life had been attempted by fanatics, but yet, confident in the goodwill of his people, he went about amongst us. His tenderness was unquestionable; it was he who established the great hospital fund that made the tending of the sick a matter not only of national duty, but also of compliment to him. Pluck and tenderness—these, I think, may very well be considered the best qualities of the true sportsman, and as the truest of all sportsmen we may well write down the name of Edward the Seventh.

To many of us he was something more than our Sovereign Lord and King. I remember very well the Saturday evening when I joined the King's Own Royal Regiment Norfolk Yeomanry and took the following oath: "I do make oath, that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King Edward the Seventh, his heirs and successors, and I will, as in duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend His Majesty, his heirs and successors, in person, crown, and dignity against all enemies."

Emotion in a man is not a particularly dignified quality, but I do not mind confessing that when I repeated after the magistrate these words, my voice was not as steady as usual.

I was joining the "King's Own" for several reasons. One was that I had several friends already members of it, another was that its headquarters happened to be within reach of London, the third was that its Colonel-in-Chief was His Majesty King Edward the Seventh.

In that regiment His Majesty had always taken the most active interest, for Sandringham, his favourite country residence, was within the borders of the county.

When I took the oath, I felt that I was swearing allegiance not only to my country and to my King, but also to an English gentleman, to a sportsman, and to one for whom in time of trouble it would have been my pleasure and my honour to fight.

Those of us who are members of the Regular or of the Territorial Force, will doubtless feel something of what I am feeling now at the death of our Overlord. But to every man in the United Kingdom there comes with his death the feeling that we have parted with a personal friend.

We feel it because he was one of us. He was the thorough gentleman that the rest of us try to be.

Our hearts go out in the fullest loving sympathy to Queen Alexandra and to the other members of his family. May they be comforted in the loss that has befallen the country, and them in particular.

And may the grace of God, which passeth all understanding, be with his son, our new King, and may it remain with him always.

YOUR EDITOR

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE LONE HAND

By R. D. CROMBIE.

"Two days you have been back," she wrote, "and you have not been to see me. I am desolating for news. Come to-morrow evening to dinner. I will not reproach you until you have given an account of yourself, but——"

She stopped.

"No," she said thoughtfully, "that won't do."

She did not know how to word it. This was the third time she had tried.

"He is so deep—and hard to understand," she said, watching her reflection in a mirror hanging on the wall facing her.

She read again what she had written, sighed from the depths, and looked wearily about her.

"A pretty drawing-room," she said, "a pretty woman, and—a pretty letter. I wonder—am I right in thinking he despises prettiness?"

Slowly she tore the note up.

At length she wrote simply:

"I can imagine you are busy; but if you can, come to dinner one evening this week."

Once more she deliberated, then, after an impatient gesture, she added:

"I have missed you." And signed it: "Your lasting friend, Mabel Windringowsky."

Then she rose, rang for her maid, and sent the letter to the post.

She was, as she had said of herself, a pretty woman; of a fair type, with a whitish skin, restless grey eyes, and long, sensitive hands. Though a widow, there was nothing in her attire to suggest it, and she looked less than her twenty-nine years.

When the maid had gone, she stood a while, reflecting.

"Why is it, I wonder," she said, slowly, "that I feel afraid?"

She shook back her head a little.

"What have I to be afraid of?" she said, almost as though she were confronting an accuser. . . .

His answer to her letter came two days later, saying he would not come to dinner, but would call that evening at nine o'clock.

* * * * * * *

"Mr. Robert Lowndes," announced the maid.

She swept forward to greet him, a welcoming smile on her lips. One lightning glance told her there was nothing out of the ordinary in his manner.

There never was. He was always—ordinary.

"Well?" she said, impulsively taking his outstretched hand between both of hers.

"Well?" he said.

He gave his hat to the maid, and there was a momentary pause till the door was closed.

"I was beginning to think you had forgotten me," she said, conscious of speaking prettily, and hating herself for it. But she had got into the way.

"Won't you sit down?" she said, motioning to a chair.

He took another.

"No," he said. "I had not forgotten you."

"Confess now! You would not have come to see me unless I had invited you."

"I was coming. But I had not made up my mind when."

"What—you! I thought your mind was always made up."

"Yes," he said, neither agreeing nor contradicting.

"Well, what diplomatic triumphs have you achieved in St. Petersburg?"

"None," he answered.

"The Persian frontier, wasn't it? But of course, you won't tell me—and I don't want to know. You're an exquisite diplomatist, Robert. Monosyllabic. Reserved. Impenetrable. I am sure your country must value you as much as its enemies fear you."

She was teasing him—prettily.

The ordinary expression of his ordinary face did not change.

"And Petersburg," she went on. "Petersburg in the spring! How glorious—and how horrible!"

She watched him, smiling her brilliant, metallic smile. And gradually it died out.

"Robert," she said, "I pray every night I may never go again to Russia."

"Your husband's grave is there," he said.

"I suffered there—oh, indescribably!"

"I went," continued Robert Lowndes, "to try and find it."

"To Nijni?" She asked the question quickly.

"Yes."

"And did you—find it?"

"No."

She reflected, her grey eyes restlessly noticing every detail of him.

"He was your dearest friend," she said, "and my husband. And he's dead," she added quietly.

"Yes; he's dead."

"And I," she smiled rather wanly, "I am alive—and still young—and sometimes . . . lonely."

It was a daring card, but she played it unfalteringly, looking him straight in the eyes.

"It was through me," said Robert Lowndes, "that you met Eugene. So that, in a way, I am responsible for what has happened."

"You mustn't think that," she answered rapidly. "I would not have married him had I known that soon afterwards he would resign his position at the Embassy here and go back to Russia to devote himself to that revolutionary movement. You couldn't know, and I couldn't know, that he was mixed up in such things."

"I did know."

"You *knew?*" She was first astonished, then angry. "Then why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you stop it in time? Was it right for me, a young girl, to be involved in that—and taken away to that dreadful country, away from everybody? If you had told me, Robert——"

Even the most ordinary man could not have mistaken what she meant. But he was either mistaking her—or she him.

"At the time," he said, "I did not think it was any concern of mine."

The statement shook her. It was so different from what she had expected.

"You thought I loved my husband?" she said.

"Didn't you?" The question was quiet.

"No. I——" She checked the confession that leaped to her tongue. He was so deep—and hard to understand. Did he really love and want to marry her?

"You speak," she said, "of it not concerning you at the time. But now?"

"Now I think it does."

Despite her will she leaned forward a little.

"Because," he added, "I consider myself partly responsible for his death."

A blow would have been kinder.

"Oh, I see!" she said, with a bitter laugh. "It is what happened to him that you are worried about, not what happened to me. I had forgotten —you were such dear
But still I hardly see
way you can be respon
"I introduced him to
She started. The
shook back her head a little.

"What has that got to do with it?"

"In Nijni Novgorod," said Robert L
"there is a peasant woman named
Smernoff."

He waited a moment, watching the fac
companion as it steadily whitened. T
stood up with a tired gesture.

"Well?" The word came crisp and th
ask again what has that to do with it?"

Her eyes were steely. She was not
capitulate without a fight.

"Am I to go on?" he said, and th
strength of his voice made her inwardly s

"Yes, I would like to be told why
subjecting me to these insults."

He was not to be side-tracked.

"When your husband," he said, "was
on suspicion at Nijni Novgorod he could
to you in St. Petersburg to destroy
incriminating papers. But he sent one
peasants that loved him and for whose
was risking his life and his happiness."

"And mine," she flashed.

"He sent Maria Smernoff with a
That message she delivered."

"It's a lie!"

"It is the truth," said Robert Lowndes,

"What is the word of a Russian peasant
mine?"

"The same day," he continued, "you
your passport from the British Embassy
for England."

"Why should I not? I loathed the pla

"Without destroying the papers," he
relentlessly.

"I was frightened. I was alone. Be
couldn't find the papers."

"And by so doing you made Siberia a c
for your husband—or death. He chose th
You remember how he killed himself—by b
his head against the stone wall of his cell.
wonder why he did that. It would hav
braver to live. Men escape sometimes from
"You mean you would have helped him to e

"I should have tried."

"To bring him back to me?"

"And to his work. But he had not the
live—when Maria Smernoff went back a
him you had run away."

She began to laugh.

"Which is his murderer—you or I? Yo
duced him to me. Are we, then, part
responsibility? If so, let us be partners
things. There's an offer for you, you
honourable English gentleman! I did i
it deliberately. I left those papers be
wanted to get rid of him. He was killing
and his ice-hearted Russia. He marked
it was. Look here!"

She swept up her hair with one hand.
were streaks of grey in it.

"Does that satisfy you, you thing of
brain? You would not interfere in the be
to save me because you thought I loved h

Her laugh grew wilder.

"And I only married him for social a
Now you have it direct—the truth from
woman, a shallow woman, a *pretty* woman

Suddenly she sank her head on her ha
burst into tears.

"Oh, why did you come?" she sobbed
oh, why did you come!"

"I came," said Robert Lowndes, "becau
not believe it. I expected you would h
explanation which absolved you."

She lifted her face, staring at him wi
eyes. In a flash she saw she had lost, whe
different tactics, she might have won
ordinary face was pitiless in its absolute
of expression.

"I could have forgiven you for running
he said, "but not for betraying him."

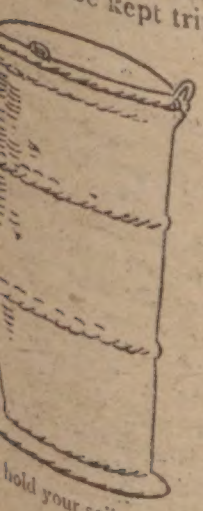
And he left her—alone.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR BEDROOM MORE COMFORTABLE

NTS FROM ONE WHO HAS DONE IT.

he man who lives at home and who is the py owner of a well-furnished and comfortable room, has much to be thankful for, and yet he ses the interest and satisfaction that come to a n when he has made comfort for himself in the room that he rents in a boarding-house.

girl's bedroom is usually an over-decorated ce, her idea of comfort being to surround her- with framed photographs, and to drape her ssing-table with dust-catching frills. Bedroom nfort from a man's point of view is utility. He nts to have the fittings of such a kind that the ce can be kept trim and neat, besides affording him a reasonable amount of luxury.



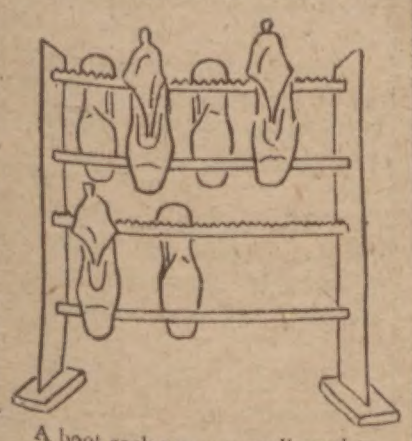
hold your soiled linen.

I rapidly discovered it was impossible to rely upon the landlady of the average boarding-house to provide you with all those little fitments that make so much difference to your comfort, and so in the course of time I purchased or manufactured the various little accessories that are shown or described herewith.

The first thing I bought was a basket for soiled linen. It is perfectly plain, and it cost me 3s. 6d. I had found experience that a dirty-linen basket is seldom vided in boarding-house bedrooms, but it is reat comfort. It enables a man to keep his y shirts, handkerchiefs, collars, and so forth of the way.

he next thing illustrated is a boot-rack which I le for myself. It is very rough, for I had not necessary tools to plane the surface of the d, and I have simply stained it with permanate of potash and polished it dully with wax turpentine.

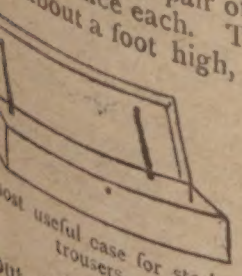
t does not look at all bad, and it is most use- ing my boots ring the floor at corner beside chest of drawers, y are now neatly nged on this k.



A boot rack you can easily make.

he illustration ws fairly well the rack is de, the principle ng that each boot gs by its heel n the bars of d with the ser- d edges. The boots are prevented from ping off by other bars which come a little w and against which rest the soles.

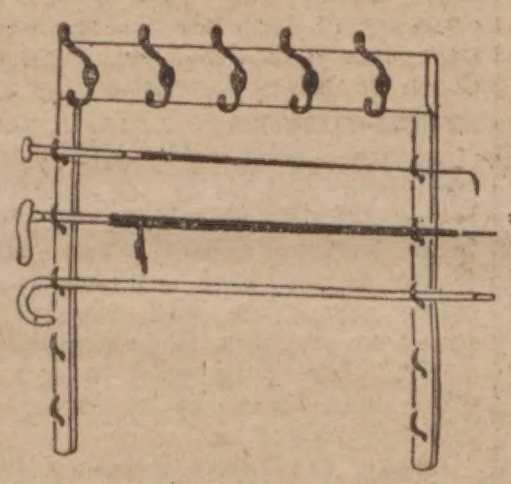
he accommodation provided for storing clothes hardly ever sufficient, and I have found the rage box here illustrated to be extremely use- I made it out of a packing case, using the s extracted from the case to fix the new article. fact, the only expense to which I was put was purchase of a pair of stout hinges, which cost threepence each. The box is about five feet g, about a foot high, and about two feet from front to back. In it I keep my trousers, and it is a great advantage not to have to fold them in the middle, for they keep their shape much better.



oat useful case for storing trousers.

The next contrivance was very simple to make. I got a piece of board ut four feet long, and two narrower pieces ut the same length. With very little trouble I ed the two smaller pieces to hang from the ends of the larger board. To the top board I screwed coat hooks, which I purchased second-hand at a penny each. To the hanging pieces I fixed smaller hooks for the reception of my umbrella, my Yeomanry whip, and my walking sticks.

A fitting of this kind can easily be fixed to the wall with nails, and, as it lies flat against the wall, the pressure on the nails is very slight, no matter how many coats you hang upon it.

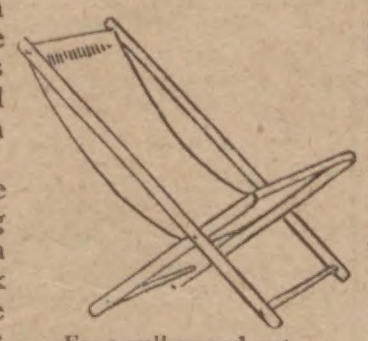


An extremely useful hat and stick-rack.

It is worth mentioning that you should always use nails in the case of plaster, as screws do not hold at all firmly, unless you drill a hole and then plug it with wood.

In lodgings, it is a great comfort to be able to have your overcoats in your own bedroom instead of hanging in the hall downstairs, where they are pulled out of shape and covered with dust.

I have made a very respectable brown curtain from the lining of an old jacket to hang over the coats after they have been put on these hooks. At the top of this curtain are small loops of tape which fit on to the hooks above the coats and thus keep the dust from them.



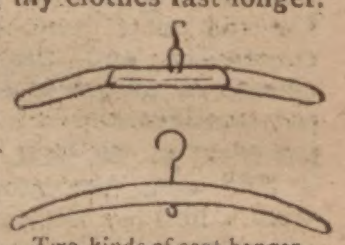
For a well-earned rest.

The next item is one of pure luxury, being nothing more than an ordinary hammock deck chair. It cost me three shillings, and I consider the investment a good one, for many a time you feel disposed to take a rest in the quietness of your own bedroom, even although you do not feel tired enough to get into bed.

Perhaps the thing that I am most proud of, however, is my method of fitting a wardrobe. Most wardrobes are simply fitted with hooks round about. This may be all right for ladies' clothes, but it is not suitable for men's.

Where I am likely to be occupying a room for some time, I ask my landlady's permission to fit a brass rod from one side of the wardrobe to the other, close to the top. Brass sockets to hold the rod can easily be fixed, and the rod itself is extremely cheap. If the wardrobe is a long one, and the rod is likely to sag in the middle, it can be strengthened by a bracket from the roof.

Upon this rod I hang my jackets, each upon its own hanger. In the illustration, the top hanger is a folding one for travelling purposes. It cost me threepence-halfpenny. The one underneath is rigid, and cost threepence. I have one for every coat, for I find that they save me a great deal of money by making my clothes last longer.



Two kinds of coat-hanger.

All you have to do is to fix the hanger inside the shoulders of your jacket, and then hook it up on the rod in the wardrobe, so that all the jackets hang with their edges towards the door. It is astonishing how many jackets you can pack in this way into a small wardrobe without doing them the slightest harm.

Another simple contrivance which I have found most useful is a rough candle-stick made of wire to fix above my looking-glass.

The fitters of gas and electric light scarcely ever consider where the light ought to be with reference to the dressing-table. It is easy to devise a candle-stick to get over this difficulty. My one consists of two small glasses, once used for night lights, fixed with wire in such a way that they will stand out from the mirror, while the top of the doubled wire forms a clip for attaching them. This sort of thing is very easy to make, for you can bend it about till you get it right.

To illuminate your looking-glass.

My last and most ambitious piece of furniture is really as simple as any of the others, although I pride myself that it is the best of them.

It is nothing less than a writing-table, and the diagram shows the method of construction better than I could describe it. I made it from packing cases, sand-papering the wood where I wanted to get a surface, and staining it a dark brown.

It is hinged at the top, so that the lid can be let down, thus excluding the dust and also forming a small flat table which is useful in many ways. Below the desk itself comes a trough for holding books. It is a great comfort to have your writing things all together and not to have to search here and there every time you want to scribble a note.

Another advantage in having a table or desk like this, is that you can lock it up and prevent any interference on the part of your landludy, or anyone else with your correspondence.

In other matters regarding your bedroom, there are many opportunities for exercising your taste and ingenuity.

A handy and easily made writing-table.

Chief amongst them is the decoration of your walls. In many cases you will find the wall-paper faded and hideous. Why not suggest distempering it? It is not usually difficult to obtain the required permission, and the distemper can be applied on top of the paper with very little trouble and at small cost.

G. H. WATKINSON.

MEN AT THE HYDRO

A CANDID AND SOMEWHAT UNFAVOURABLE OPINION.

To the man of to-day the word hydro suggests a place for relaxation and gaiety—provided he has never been to one.

To his father it meant a place where one underwent various forms of alleged water cures. In those days the principal, or manager, was generally some sort of doctor, but the big hydros of the present time are, for the most part, run by limited liability companies, and the person immediately in charge of affairs makes no pretence to medical qualifications.

FAR SHORT OF THE IDEAL.

Nor does the modern man who seeks a week's holiday desire to be under the charge of a doctor. He has been busy—possibly too busy for his health—and what he needs is a week's thorough enjoyment.

As one who has had experience of a hydro, I should advise him to seek his ideal holiday elsewhere.

The modern hydro is a place of the keenest interest to the man who studies his fellowmen, but when you are on a holiday you want to be entertained, and you do not desire to be driven back upon yourself and your own powers of observation and criticism for amusement.

I believe that in the old days the rules in connection with hydropathic establishments were very strict. For example, intoxicating liquors of every description were forbidden from their tables. Now if a hydro happens to be without a licence, a private wire is laid on to the nearest public-house and a definite scale of commission is arranged with the proprietor thereof, and within three minutes of ordering, a drink is served to you.

RULES FOR MEALS.

The only trace of the old-fashioned pseudo-medical régime lies in the rules laid down as to the hours for meals. In every bedroom there is a framed notice, announcing that breakfast is served at nine, lunch at one, afternoon tea at four, and dinner at seven, and in bold type beneath this announcement appears the threat that meals served at other times will be charged extra.

Some of the smaller hydropathics cater specially for those of limited means, and there are some in the neighbourhood of London who will do you very comfortably from Friday evening to Monday morning for a guinea or so, but it is not in such places that you see the real inside of hydro life.

For the genuine article you must go to one or other of the so-called English spas. At such a place you will be charged a great deal, but the people you will meet will prove extremely disappointing company.

THE PATRONS.

Someone has said that the patrons of hydropathics consist exclusively of match-making mammas and their daughters, old maids, and lunatics.

The match-making mamma is much to the fore at the hydro. Circumstances, or her own bad temper, have made it difficult for her to introduce her daughter to suitable young men in the ordinary way, and so she carts her off to a hydro in the hope of fixing up something.

Old maids with a bit of money find hydro life sufficiently acid to be congenial. The "lunatics" are not really mentally afflicted, but consist mostly of men who are suffering from nervous breakdown. Some of them appear to like the process of recuperation so much that they remain at a hydro for six months at a time.

There are also ex-Army officers and other "boys" who have never grown up, to whom life and the work of the world has never meant anything very serious, and who spend their time between one hydro and another. Their chief delight is to scan the visitors' list in the local newspaper and to observe their name there. If their name is incorrectly spelt, or if any honours attaching to it are omitted from the description, woe unto the local printer! He, however, is generally a very sane and philosophic person. He promises to have the matter put right in the next list, and books an order for several dozen copies of his following issue.

NO GOOD-FELLOWSHIP.

If you go to a hydro, your first disappointment will be in the discovery that there is none of that good-fellowship which you have been led to expect. You may live at a hydro for a week without speaking to any other man (the old maids will certainly speak to you, but their company is somewhat dull). The only way to get to know the other men in a hydro is to be an expert billiard player.

There are many habitués of hydros who keep themselves in comparative comfort by their skill at billiards and bridge, but the average man who is taking an easy week off does not want to stop indoors playing billiards, and so he never gets to know the other men guests.

UNBREAKABLE ICE.

During the serving of afternoon tea, or when the band is playing after dinner in the evening, you will find men gathered together in the lounge smoking and reading, but holding no converse. The new-comer feels that the older residents should be the first to break the ice, and they, having imbibed the hydro atmosphere would not break it at any price,

The hydro, in fact, is a place where people are particularly ill at ease.

It is not the type of hotel sought by the best classes of Society, but it is undoubtedly the hotel selected by the monied classes. That explains why everybody looks so uncomfortable. They are all on their best behaviour, lamentably afraid to do anything that might be incorrect, and generally giving themselves a rotten time.

In making your arrangements for a short holiday or a long one, I most strongly advise you to knock the hydro off your list. It is a place of sham and of infinite dulness.

L. MERTON-SMITH.

WHAT YOU ARE MISSING.

If you are not a member of "The Modern Man" League you are losing a great opportunity for making friends. See page 10.

CHEEK.

A character in a new novel observes: "phraseology of love-making is awfully limi isn't it?" Many people are certainly opinion that it is the limit.

* * *

Sir Christopher Furness's seat has snatched from him. Was he caught bendi

* * *

Says Mr. Archibald J. Wilson, "The ch is now emancipated, but a new problem what to do with the new child that has created." We can suggest a spanking ide

* * *

Thus a writer in "London Opinion "Our American friends are beginning to rive in London in battalions." "Battalion mused dear old Mrs. Footler, "I suppo that's the name of those funny-looking they wear."

* * *

Mrs. Gertie de S. Wentworth-James us that "Man matters supremely in ev way." Yes, but no sensible woman mind

* * *

Says Mr. T. McDonald Rendle, "No can be always funny." But in justice to Rendle, it should be noted that he *try*, at any rate.

* * *

"Music-Hall Suit," runs a "Star" he line. We can see it in our mind's eye patchwork coat, dinner-plate buttons, ba black trousers, and flip-flap boots.

* * *

A writer in the "Pelican" alludes stantly to his "'steemed contemporaries." truce to this foolish vapouring!

* * *

Mr. Ernest Todd observes that "There not nearly enough colour in our lives." Bee Bonnyboy heartily agrees. Painting the to red, he says, should be a far more gene hobby.

* * *

Mr. George Bryant tells us that "Only well-known and a clever man can afford look ridiculous." He is probably thinking Hall Ca——(Silence!—ED.)

* *

Mr. Wilkie Bard describes one of his son as "A Harmonic Agony in Several Lay The appreciative playgoer says that even lap provides his (s)mile.

* * *

"If you are a clerk," Mr. George Bernard Shaw advises us, "take care not to behave like a duke." And if you are an author and play wright, try not to behave like a demi-god.

* * *

We are told by Mr. A. P. Graves that "Melody is prompted rhythmically by the action of working at some occupation." Perhaps this is why the strains of the peripatetic unemployed are so lacking in charm.

* * *

Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower remarks that "the majority of batsmen show a tendency to walk in front of their wicket for every stroke." But any cricketer will tell you that is better than "running away."

* * *

Says Mr. George Edwardes, as reported in the "Referee": "As to sketches, I am not in favour of them." On account of their lack of drawing qualities, no doubt.

* * *

Says Myrtle Read, in a recent novel: "The fireplace is the heart of a house, but a woman is the soul of it." But no home is complete without the right spirit. (N.B.—Whisky.) (Advertisement offered to the highest bidder.)

* * *

Mr. John Porter has now been for forty years "on the Turf." But he has no intention yet of "going to grass."

J. S. Cox.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG OFFICER.

III.—WAYS AND MEANS.

My Dear Harry,

It was stupid of me not to think about your boots. Yes, by all means, get Wellingtons or half-Wellingtons, and not "Jemimas." True, the Dress Regulations direct you to wear spring-sided boots and strapless trousers for full dress and mess kit, but this is a regulation you may safely disregard. The General won't see your straps when he inspects you, if he is one of the right sort, but he would certainly notice baggy trousers and "Jemimas," and secretly think you a slack and slovenly officer.

For field days and ordinary work you must have lacing-boots, though in my time we did our manœuvring, as we did our fighting, dressed fit to attend a levée. Now, I understand, you wear hob-nails and a coat called a "jumper," which to me looks very like a sack. The girls wouldn't have looked at us twice in my day had we turned out like that. Excuse a gouty old man's grumbling, my dear boy, and don't think that I doubt for a moment that beneath the detestable "jumper" the same staunch English heart beats that did of yore.

Well, my dear Harry, your outfit is well under way, and the next thing I want to talk to you about is money.

Acting on my advice, your mother is going to allow you £200 a year. It is quite as much as she can afford, and your sisters will have to do with fewer new dresses, but I do not intend that you should begin by hanging millstones of debt around your neck.

Your Uncle James, I believe, considers that £50 a year would be ample, on the ground that when he was in a City office he lived on that sum.

But it is sheer cruelty to put a lad in the Service without sufficient means. £200 a year and your pay may seem wealth to you, but I doubt if the budget will show a surplus at the end of the year. Mind you, there will be no excuse for your getting into debt, and you need not come to me for sympathy if you do.

Your pay is 5s. 3d. *per diem*, or £96 a year, so that with your allowance you will have a little under £25 a month, and you must regulate your expenditure accordingly. Your messing, *i.e.* food, will not be less than 4s. a day, £6 a month. Extras, such as jam, fruit, cake, tea, and coffee another 30s. Your servant and laundry the same.

Subscriptions and share of mess guests will run to at least £3 a month, not including special entertainments such as balls, garden parties, and so on, which you can average at £1 10s. a month. Sundries, such as cleaning materials, stamps, candles, etc., another monthly pound. So you see that without liquor or tobacco your mess bill will be at least £14 10s.—say £15.

As, despite your Uncle James, you are neither a City clerk nor an anchorite, I will allow you £5 a month for your wine and cigars—be moderate but have the best; it will save you many a headache—and for occasionally inviting a friend to dinner.

This leaves you about £5 a month to dress on—though your present outfit should last some years—to join in regimental games, and for theatres, cabs, and such expenses.

If, like many other young fool, you gamble or form undesirable attachments you will find your income totally insufficient, but do remember, my dear Harry, that your mother and sisters are denying themselves some luxuries, so that you should not be hampered.

Remembering this, I am sure that you will steer clear of debt and not disappoint

Your affectionate uncle,

J—— H——.

[*Another of these letters appears next week.*—Ed.]

HINTS FOR THE RIVER MAN

SOME MISCELLANEOUS POINTS OF WATERMANSHIP.

You may set out to teach a man to punt or to scull or to row or to propel any one of the many varieties of river craft, but there is a certain quality of "watermanship" which is needed alike in all these pastimes and which the novice all too often has to pick up by experience pure and simple.

Some men are born watermen, others become watermen by constant familiarity with the river and constant handling of boats, but there are many things that go to make the complete waterman which might be taught.

For instance, there is a right and a wrong way of getting into a boat. The landsman just tumbles in anyhow, and although more by luck than management he usually manages to keep a dry skin, it is a source of never-ceasing wonder to the man who knows that he does not capsize the boat every time.

A punt being flat-bottomed and broad of beam can be entered without very much care, but with a canoe or a light sculling or rowing boat it is a very different thing.

ENTERING A BOAT.

Let us suppose you are embarking from a landing stage or from the river bank, the tendency is always to place one foot on the far side of the boat, or if it is a broad one, on the near side and to grasp the edge of the boat on the far side with one hand while you cling to the bank with the other.

As a matter of fact you should place one foot in the centre of the boat, in a light racing craft or a Rob Roy canoe this is especially important as the backbone is the only part which is strong enough to bear the weight of the body on one foot.

Then the sides of the boat should be grasped with both hands, while the other foot is brought in and you take your seat. In this way you are able to balance the boat while the transference of your weight is taking place, whereas, whilst holding the boat with one hand and the bank with the other, you have no control over its antics. You cannot really do much to prevent the craft from going out towards midstream if you are alone, and if you had a firm grasp of the sides it would not much matter if it did.

If you have someone to hold the craft while you get in, or if a companion has already taken his seat and is thus in a position to hold the boat in, so much the better.

SHIPPING SCULLS.

Another point that often betrays the novice is the way he ships his sculls. One sometimes sees a man who can manipulate a skiff fairly well performing the weirdest evolutions on nearing the landing stage. Often he will haul the sculls into the boat as far as he can through the rowlock, and then he will lift them one by one with both hands, then perhaps he will twirl them round above his head, and finally he will deposit them dripping in the boat, having saturated himself and his companions.

The correct way to ship sculls is at the end of the stroke to turn them so that the back of the blade rests on the water, and then to raise them gently out of the rowlocks and place them so that they rest with the flat part of the "loom" on the edges of the boat in front of the rowlock.

Then they can be drawn easily into the boat, the handles being passed along each side of the body, and the blades left outside the boat unless there is danger of their being damaged, when the whole scull is laid along the thwarts and the blade placed so that it will drip on to the curved side of the boat, from which the water drains under the floor boards.

THE RULE OF THE RIVER.

The rule of the river is another very definite thing that far too few of those who go in for pleasure-boating seem to be aware of.

On the Thames and most British rivers the fundamental rule is "Keep to the right," but there are various exceptions. A boat going down stream must always make way for one going up. A sculling boat or other small craft must keep out of the course of a steamer or launch, for the channel which is available for the larger boats is by no means broad in places.

Any vessel should give place to a barge, which is bound to keep close in to the bank, and a rowing or sculling boat or canoe should not attempt to pass between a punt and the bank, for shallow water is naturally the punter's highway.

A long, light craft such as a racing eight should always be manned from the end down-stream first and unloaded from the up-stream end, so as to avoid any unnecessary strain on the boat.

Even the pushing off of a boat from a landing stage has a certain amount of art in it. The novice will probably push the bows out into mid-stream, the result being that it is impossible to use oar or scull with any effect, while the rudder remains jammed against the landing.

HOW TO LAND.

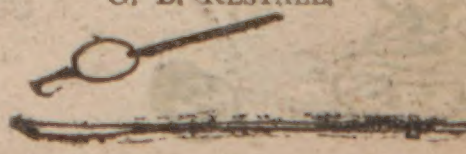
The correct method is, if you are yourself on the bank, to place the boat-hook against a rowlock in the centre of the boat and push it out almost broadside on into the stream. If you are in the boat the boat-hook should not be necessary, for the pushing can be done steadily with the oar or scull.

Another essential of watermanship is never to run any unnecessary risks. It is not a sign of skill or even courage to stand up or move about in a skiff in mid-stream. It is only a sign of foolhardiness, which is responsible for many deaths on the river every year.

It is a safe rule to make always to put in to the bank when you want to change places, though with care and proper balancing this can be safely and easily done in mid-stream. But the sculls should always first be laid with their blades resting flat on the water, and if possible held by someone.

The turning of a boat on its own axis is one of the most rudimentary lessons of watermanship, and can be learnt with very little practice.

G. B. Restall.



DOOM OF THE TERRITORIAL FORCE

HOW SOON WILL THE END COME?

On April 1—an ill-omened date according to some critics—two years ago there came into being a new Army, whose conception and organisation constituted one of the greatest military reforms since the days when Cardwell, as Secretary of State for War, re-organised our Regular Army.

The conception was a great one, and it was sorely needed to bring order to the chaos which previously existed among the Auxiliary Forces of Britain. And, roused to enthusiasm by the great newspapers of the land, the pick of Britain's manhood soon proved that the material to ensure the success of the scheme was not lacking.

But the plan was a compromise. The most kindly disposed critics could not fail to see that. Not enough was demanded, and above all, not enough was given, and during the past few weeks there have not been wanting signs which seem only too clearly to show that unless some drastic steps are taken, the Territorial Force is doomed.

MEN OF MARK.

The Act called into being in each county an Association composed of distinguished military and business men, whose distinction had been earned by their own ability, and every one of whom possessed expert knowledge which, if not of a purely military nature, was at least calculated to be of service to the administration of the Force in their county.

A body of men of this kind is not to be trifled with. Their services were given voluntarily to their country; their opinions were consulted, and their valuable time and expert advice loyally given in order to ensure the efficiency of those branches of the Force for whose equipment, housing and recruiting they alone are held responsible.

Surely they, in common with every officer and man in the Force, deserve better treatment than they have received at the hands of the War Office and Treasury.

TOO MUCH RED TAPE.

Finance promises to be the rock upon which the Territorial Army will ultimately go to pieces, but it is not only with the lack of response to their urgent demands for money to carry on the work that the County Associations are justly annoyed.

In many cases they have met with treatment at the hands of officials at the War Office that is not only discourteous but petty and foolish.

Not long ago an Association in the Home Counties threatened in exasperation to dissolve its Building Committee because all the plans submitted for the sorely-needed headquarters were met with trifling objections at the War Office, and all work was in consequence delayed.

DISCOURTESY AND CHEESE-PARING.

And other associations are beginning to find that their position is intolerable. The Monmouth Association has been unable to elicit a reply to a series of letters and complains of unnecessary interference with the details of new drill-halls.

Cheshire objects that the promised uniform grant of £20 has been refused to those officers who formerly held commissions in the Volunteers, in spite of their having to purchase a new outfit. By way of a sop, the following collection has been offered to each officer—one cap, half a dozen collars, one belt, and one pair of leggings! An officer's outfit at a modest computation costs between £35 to £45.

Dorset, Cambridge and Gloucester, amongst others, have found that the training grant allowed them is hopelessly inadequate, and that the Government scheme for the purchase of horses is not backed by enough money.

The conduct of the War Office, in short, may be compared with that of a man who calls in a doctor, but refuses to take his advice and meets it with futile objections, while at the same time he not only does not pay the doctor, but refuses to supply sufficient funds for the carrying out of his prescriptions and advice.

NOT WHAT WAS PROMISED.

The men themselves have to a great extent been enlisted under false pretences. In the old days the volunteer was quite prepared to give his services for nothing and even, if necessary, to bear part of the expense according to his means.

But on the advent of the Territorial Force we were told that all that was to cease. We were to be paid at the same rates as our Regular brother in arms, and all expenses were to be paid by the country for which the service was gladly given.

But the result now is that a suggestion from headquarters for a mounted parade or a week-end training is met by the answer that there are "no funds available for the purpose," and even if a few days under canvas are sanctioned at Easter or Whitsun, it is a hard job for the staff to make both ends meet on the meagre allowance that is given, and as for pay, not a penny of remuneration do we see. Even our equipment has largely to be hired or borrowed.

REFUSED WITHOUT THANKS.

One often hears the Regular soldier or the man who has never done any military service at all, complaining that not enough is demanded of the Territorial and that he does not give enough time to the work.

The fact is that the most zealous Territorial is too often told to possess his soul in patience, for anything so interesting as a week-end training or a mounted drill is rendered impossible by "lack of funds," and it is small wonder that his zeal is not always equal to eternally tramping up and down in a drill hall or attending harness instruction (without horses) or semaphore classes week after week.

All these things have to be learnt, and would be willingly learnt if the routine could be occasionally enlivened by something more interesting. A week-end training can teach more by practical means than any number of classes and dull parades.

Only by a sufficient amount of practical work of this sort can it be hoped to make the Territorial soldier really efficient, and we know it. We would gladly give our time and services if only we were given the opportunity, but we are always up against the eternal "lack of funds."

Who is to blame—the War Office or the Treasury? Whoever is responsible, they will probably earn the distinction at no very distant date of having brought about the ruin of an Army that might have been an efficient protection for our island.

If we are still to have the protection that this pettifogging, parsimonious officialdom bids fair to prevent our having by the means devised by Mr. Haldane, there is only one alternative, and call it "universal training" or what we will, it will be in fact very like Conscription.

J. C. BURTON.

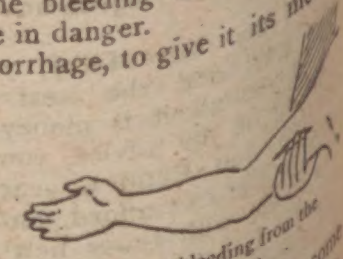
FIRST AID.

III. CHECKING BLEEDING.

One of the very first things that it is desirable for the "first-aider" to learn is the correct method of checking bleeding in case of a serious wound.

This is not a case in which one can sit by and await the arrival of a doctor. Something must be done at once if the bleeding is serious, or the sufferer's life will be in danger.

Bleeding, or hemorrhage, to give it its medical name derived from the Greek, is usually distinguished as either "capillary," "venous," or "arterial."



How to stop bleeding from the brachial artery.

Capillary bleeding proceeds from the smaller vessels and does not seem to come from any one point. It is not, therefore, serious, and is easily stanched by the application of cold water, or the wound may be bandaged as soon as it is washed clean.

Venous bleeding, as its name implies, proceeds from a vein and is continuous. The blood wells up from the side of the wound furthest from the heart, and is dark in colour.

Arterial bleeding, on the other hand, proceeds from an artery, which conveys the blood from the heart to the extremities of the body; while the veins carry it back to the heart.

Venous bleeding is best stopped if possible by raising the part affected above the heart; but if this is impossible, soak a pad of linen in cold water and bandage it firmly over the wound.

The bleeding may be stopped by pressure over the wound or, if the injury is to a limb, by a tight bandage round the limb at a point further from the wound than the heart.

Arterial bleeding, which may be distinguished by the pumping out of the blood in jets and by the copious flow of it, as well as by the bright red colour, is more serious and must be stopped without delay.

In this case the pressure must be applied *between* the wound and the heart.

The first sketch given this week shows the method of compressing the brachial artery in case of bleeding from a wound in the arm. The artery runs down the inside of the arm.

To stop the bleeding in another person's arm the best method is to grasp the arm as illustrated, so that the tips of the fingers can all be brought to bear on the severed artery.

Compressing the carotid artery.

A wound in the neck—such as that inflicted by an attempt to cut the throat—may sever the carotid artery, which runs up on either side from the inner end of the collar bone to the angle of the jaw.

This can be simply compressed by the thumb in the manner shown in the second illustration.

L. D. COTTON.

Rass-Cased Bingham

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

ge," said Mr. Bingham, coming into
e from the works and shutting the
a bang, "I've got an idea."
when Mr. Cæsar Bingham got an
as a sign that something was going
n. The firm of Cæsar Bingham and
ssfounders and Bedstead Tube Manu-
Birmingham; the works covering a
acres of ground and employing three
and more workpeople; the large,
well-appointed mansion at Knowle;
ens, the conservatories, the stables,
motor-cars, a few streets of pro-
d sundry other appurtenances of pros-
ll were the substantial outcome of
gham's occasional ideas.
s a healthy, aggressive, illiterate man
with brick-red cheeks and moustache,
-reddened nose, fiery blue eyes, and
atic voice.
sent he was coatless, his shirt-sleeves
, a pencil behind his ear, and the in-
briar between his teeth.
n George was a polished specimen
ternal crudity, clean-shaven and well
who knew the business through and
followed his father's lead—to do
meant a row—managed the office,
ys worked standing.
now?" he said.
ass-cased Tube Association."
ner?"
me for chairman."
t's the good? There's never been
that the members didn't go behind
."
's never been one with me to boss

the other makers will agree?"
't think; I know. Look at the price!
and cut against each other till there
and a half per cent. in it."
s right enough. For the past year
ed tube hasn't been worth a damn.
g, the competition has knocked out
er makers."
h is just why the time's ripe for
Association."
big concerns ruling the market?"
George, with open doubt.
s to stop 'em?"
selves."
if I take it on I'll see they don't,"
Bingham, emphatically. "The habit
l has been to fine any firm who
ck to the Association price a hun-
nds for the first offence, increasing
imes that if they did it again. I'll
nore drastic than that. We'll each
ouple of thousand—there'll be about
s—that'll be twenty thousand. The
o any shuffling forfeits their contri-
nd, if need be, the twenty thousand
used to oust 'em out of the trade.
be no shuffling—not for some time,
te. There's quite enough business to
, and we're all anxious to see a bit
The present discount is seventy and
b. We'll make it sixty and five.
an increase of forty per cent. With
it's justified."
the buyers pay it?"
e'll be no option."
ught you weren't much struck on As-

when they don't look like benefiting

fought one once."
st one once. But I was stubborn
rge, I stuck out because they didn't

approach me right. Besides, I was pretty full up with indents and could afford it."

"We worked double shift that period," said George, reminiscently.

"Well, I'd heard in advance a ring was intended, and scooped the biggest contracts on the strength of it at the old price, before the discount was decreased."

"Twelve thousand we pocketed," continued his son. "What if somebody else holds out this time and does the same?"

"They can't. Conditions are different. Then I could see ten per cent. net. Now there's scarcely more than a case o' whisky in a thousand pound order. That's why they'll all *jump* to come in. It's compulsory."

"It's you," said George, "who have made it so. You began this cut-throat policy and you've gone the whole hog without flinching."

"I have, George," said Mr. Bingham.

George smiled.

"Rush the price down and rush the price up," he said, "and come in comfortably at both ends."

"There's more ways o' killing a dog," observed his father, winking.

George thought.

"I hope you'll get 'em all to come in," he said.

"They'll come," said Mr. Bingham, emphatically. "Forty per cent. instead o' two and a half is a bait no business man will resist. Besides, there'll be me to see that the rules are enforced. I shall appoint two officials with a right to inspect the books of any firm in the ring, when they like and as often as they like, so as to see there's no hanky-panky being played on the quiet."

"*Our* books?" queried his son.

"Our's as well, o' course. But you'll be one o' them two officials, George."

"Ah!"

"Bingham's idea; and I guess Bingham will know how to work it."

"And that's all you'll say?"

The two men exchanged glances of perfect understanding.

"That's all there is to say," answered Mr. Bingham.

George turned to the work at his desk.

"Well," he observed, "it will be a bit of a change to have the brass-cased tube department paying again . . . and a bit of a treat."

"That's what I've been thinking," said Mr. Bingham.

II.

So the Brass-cased Tube Association came into being. It was not the first of its kind by many, but under the chairmanship of Mr. Cæsar Bingham it thrived, flourished, and bid fair to last. By that curious perversity of the law of supply and demand with which every commercial man is familiar, the increase of price resulted in an increase of business. For over a year the brass-cased tube trade boomed. It seemed that everybody at home and abroad was buying new bedsteads, new fenders, new cornice-poles, curtain-rods, &c. Works were on double shift. The discount was decreased once more, being now fifty-five and five, an increase of twelve and a half per cent. or thereabouts on the net prices.

Messrs. Cæsar Bingham and Son enlarged their plant, and the private bank balance of father and son, strictly separate, enlarged in due proportion.

"How long is this going to last?" inquired George one day.

"Not for ever, you bet."

"Metal's down again two pounds to-day."

"Slumping," agreed Mr. Bingham.

"Good job we haven't bought far ahead."

"T'others have," observed Mr. Bingham, cheerfully.

"They'd rue it if the Association broke up and competition started again."

"Not 'alf!"

"Buyers are sitting on their orders, hoping for it."

"Yes." Mr. Bingham sounded amused. "And on the strength o' that I'm going to propose at the meeting of the Association to-morrow that we make the discount fifty."

"It will never be carried."

"No, but the suggestion will be hung up. And meantime you'll find merchants placing their indents in no end of a hurry. In fact, I think I'll run round to-day to see 'em and give 'em the hint."

"I doubt whether you'll be able to persuade them to book."

"I've an idea I shall find a way."

"Father." George's voice arrested him at the door. "I met Bartlett this morning. . . . He's getting inquisitive."

"Good luck to him!"

"He rather wants to know how we manage to get more orders than anybody else."

"I think he's found out."

George made the statement quite practically.

"Let him want."

He was not in his father's confidence, but he had unwavering faith in him.

Mr. Bingham was watching him, cold humour in his fiery blue eyes.

"From what I can gather," George went on, "he intends to put a few questions to you at the meeting to-morrow."

Mr. Bingham struck an attitude of exaggerated dismay. Then he laughed and went out.

* * * * * * *

". . . And I should like to ask the chairman," continued Mr. Bartlett, "whether he can throw any light on the matter."

He was a dapper, precise, caustic little man, with the air of a cross-examining barrister, and a paper in his hand.

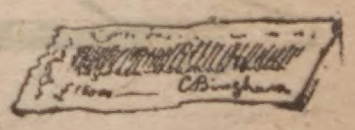
"The facts are simple," he went on. "Baquet and Moore's, the biggest merchants in the town, have been selling brass-cased tube to a customer in Buenos Aires at the *same price as that quoted by the Association*. I've got their original invoice here, sent over by an agent of a rival firm of merchants, who has asked me to look into the matter. I have given the shipping mark and date of consignment to every member of this Association but one, and asked them whether they supplied the goods. I have seen their books. They all say no. There is only one supplier left—the chairman. Will the chairman tell us whether he executed this order?"

"Let's have a look at the invoice," said Mr. Bingham from the head of the table.

It was passed along to him.

"I can't remember everything that goes out of the place," he said after inspecting it.

He turned to his son seated on his right. "D'you remember it, George?" he said.



George received a nudge with a knee under the table and said "No."

"You can easily telephone to the works from here," added Mr. Bartlett, "and find out."

"Quite easily," replied Mr. Bingham. "But what if I did supply it?"

"Can you tell me," asked Mr. Bartlett caustically, "Why Baquet and Moore's should sell at no profit?"

"How the devil do I know what their arrangements are?" retorted Mr. Bingham cheerfully. "Perhaps they bought on commission."

"It isn't a commission form of invoice. They're different, as you know as well as I do."

"If I knew as much as you," said Mr. Bingham, with excellent pleasantry, "Birmingham wouldn't hold me."

"So," continued Mr. Bartlett, "they're either doing business on philanthropic principles or—they receive a *secret rebate* from the supplier."

"Meaning me," said Mr. Bingham.

"I have not said so."

Mr. Bartlett retorted sharply, his voice beginning to have in it a tone that might have been called the ring of victory.

Mr. Bingham placed his elbows squarely on the table, resting his chin on his clasped hands, and surveyed each of the company in turn.

Some of them began to think his game was up, and that he knew it and had no retreat left open.

"You've all been having this over together," he said.

"It is only necessary," Mr. Bartlett interjected, "for you to prove you did not supply the stuff."

"You want proof?" He laughed. "You mean you've got proof. Most likely I did. I do a lot of business with B. and M.'s. There isn't a man present who don't wish he could say the same. Well, let it go that I did supply it; what then?"

"Then," said Mr. Bartlett, "we should ask you what secret commission you allowed—invoicing at Association rates, no doubt, but afterwards handing back by bank-note or private cheque——"

He stopped on the chairman rising abruptly to his feet. Mr. Bingham was a trifle ruddier than usual, and his eyes were fierce.

"After that," he said, "I resign chairmanship of this Association."

"Did you? Did you? That's all we want to know," said several.

"Yes, how much was it?" asked Mr. Bartlett, caustically polite, "ten per cent?"

"And also," continued Mr. Bingham emphatically, "I resign from the Association and shall make my own prices in future."

"You will forfeit two thousand pounds for infringing the rules," said Mr. Bartlett.

"I'll see you damned first," said Mr. Bingham. "The deposits were banked in my name—at least my signature for the Association is the only one that holds good. George, lend me your fountain pen."

He drew a cheque-book out of his pocket.

"There's your eighteen thousand," he said, tossing the paper across. "The Brass-cased Tube Association is at an end. You won't keep it on without me. You can't. Come on, George."

And the two left the room before Mr. Bartlett had recovered his breath.

* * * * * * *

"Yes," said Mr. Bingham subsequently, "it wasn't a bad idea to get that invoice circulating when we'd had enough of the Association. And it wasn't so bad either to pick up all the orders in the town at the current Association discount—minus a certain special rebate that don't concern nobody. . . . We shall be busy for a month or two, George. . . . and metal's going down."

SOME USEFUL TIPS FOR THE MAN WHO INDULGES MODERATELY.

There are many who say that a man should not drink intoxicating liquor at all, and unquestionably they are right—in the case of those who lack the power of self-control.

There are some men who, having once tasted liquor, can find no satisfaction until they make themselves either drunk or sick. To such the signing of the pledge, or better, the forming of a resolution to leave alcohol alone, is a step not only advisable but essential, if they are going to save themselves and their characters from ruin. The advocates of teetotalism pre-suppose that all men are constituted like this.

It is pleasing to know that they are wrong in judging their fellow-men by their own standard. The majority of us can take a glass at a time and can do without it for weeks, without feeling any craving or any need for it; and it is for such that I venture to write the following hints, which I have learned by experience.

STICK TO ONE.

For my own part I drink very moderately indeed, and only when in company, and probably it is for that reason that I have to be the more careful with regard to my drinks, for it is a well-known fact that a man who is not in the habit of indulging to any extent in alcohol is overcome much more rapidly than another who is what one might call a seasoned cask.

The first principle which I find it necessary to adopt in the matter of drinking is not to mix my liquors.

Suppose you have been lunching with someone, and that along with your coffee and your smoke you have had a glass of liqueur brandy. In the course of the afternoon you meet some old friend who hospitably invites you to have a drink.

You know that to the juice of the grape nothing but the juice of the grape in the same or in another form should be added, but, in consideration of the expense to which he will be put, you may be tempted to order a glass of bitter, which will, of course, cost him only twopence, instead of the sixpence that he would have had to pay had you ordered a glass of brandy.

DRY GINGER.

Your consideration for him, however, may give you much personal disquiet. There are some men who can drink beer after having drunk wine or brandy, but they are very few. If you must have another alcoholic drink, let it be brandy or a glass of port or sherry; if you don't wish a drink so strong as this, have a glass of ginger-beer or a bottle of dry ginger ale.

Dry ginger ale, by the way, is one of the best temperance drinks.

At such functions as dinners and smoking concerts, it admirably meets the needs of the man who is teetotal or very temperate. If you be such an one, you do not want an alcoholic drink, but also you do not want to appear a wet-blanket at the feast by drinking water or lemonade. Dry ginger ale meets the case. Some makes of it look almost like bottled beer, while others look very m
like brandy-and-soda or whisky-and-soda
In any case your glass so filled will
look very different from the glasses of
other men present, and you will be satisfy
yourself in the matter of temperance w
feeling that you are unpleasant or differe
from the other people there.

I have mentioned the inadvisability of m
ing beer with spirits derived from the gra
There is another class of spirit—whisky.
is unwise to mix it either with beer or w
grape spirit.

As for gin, it may very well be drunk af
beer, although it should not be drunk af
wine. Being a diuretic, it tends to clear
system of the drinks that have preceded it.

A DANGEROUS MIXTURE.

Another tip which I ought to give you
not to mix whisky-and-soda with whisky-a
water.

A man who can stand his fair share
whisky-and-soda or of whisky-and-water, pr
vided he sticks to one or other throughout
evening consistently, will assuredly get dru
if he attempts to consume the same amount
whisky first diluted with soda and then w
water.

With regard to the choice of alcoh
drinks, there is no doubt that beer is the m
wholesome.

The percentage of alcohol in it is sm
and the deleterious effects of the alcohol a
compensated to some extent by the nutrit
element of malt.

In the case of the man who wants to p
on weight, stout is undoubtedly the be
drink.

In every public-house there is a sink b
neath the taps, which catches the drippin
and the washings of glasses. The pipe fro
that sink runs down to a special tub in t
cellar, and the contents of this tub are se
back to the brewer to be made either into sto
or into four-ale. Beer that the publican
jects because it has been too long in the pip
of his engines, beer that a customer has sipp
and returned as flat—all that and many mo
similar contributions—go into the waste-tub.

THE NEED FOR CAUTION.

That is why one cannot be too cautious
drinking ordinary public-house stout or four
ale.

Never order a glass of stout unless yo
know that the stout on draught is made by
reputable firm. If you want to stick to sto
and have no confidence in the stout
draught, order a bottle of a good brand;
penny that you pay extra is well expended.

The beer that one ought to order is de
known as bitter. It cannot be made from th
waste-tub. But even this knowledge does
not make you feel perfectly safe with bitter
for often the acid element is derived from
chemicals instead of from hops; and he
again you cannot exercise too much care
learning whether the bitter on draught
made by a good firm.

Again, as in the case of stout, if you
doubtful order a glass of bottled beer, alway
being careful to see that it is the product
a good brewery.

J. TALBOT

A DAY'S DIGGING.

HARD WORK THAT COMES AS A GREAT PLEASURE.

... when all gardens are crying out for attention early and late, I contrive to get my... a day's digging, and I have come to ... the occasional days thus spent as ... the most pleasant in the year.

... no gardener, as gardeners go to-day. ... myself that where vegetables and ... fruit, rather than ornamental, things are ... concerned, I can plant and hoe and dig with ... So when spring is well on the way ... summer and something has to be done to ... wild tangle of weeds that cover the great ... patch of kitchen-garden, I give myself a ... digging.

WILDERNESS.

... wear no hat for digging; collar ... are equally useless—the tie dangles ... annoys you if you do put one on; ... work your feet gingerly into the stiff ... boots with twisted and crumpled ... and then step about until they are ...

... to the tool-shed, where you ... spade, or fork that seems to have a ... "lift" and a well-balanced handle ... equipped, you saunter off to the kitchen-... knocking out the ashes of your first ... as you go easily along the grass walks ... natural arch of yew, beyond which lies ... you have set yourself.

... the land, matted and thick with ... stony, and generally un-... It is your business to change all ... waste no time, but show no ... ing to work.

... there is one gardening operation ... be touched through it is the ele-... work of digging the ground. ... a patch of ground, say thirty ... with a fluster and a hurry, you ... to early exhaustion and failure.

THE KNACK.

... cannot be done like that. And so, ... gardener's fashion, you throw off your ... easily on a hedge-top, give ... an extra turn up, lick your hands ... professional way, and take up the ...

... the first half-hour you find you have ... of your knack, but with every ... it returns gradually. You insen-... back into the proper slope for the ... proper amount of earth to lift and ... right place to hold the spade, and the ... push of the foot, and by degrees ... your old swing.

... certain eye you plant the spade for ... of earth, then, with a delicious slic-... blade goes deep into the soul. A little ... a little hoisting, and the earth breaks ... and you throw it forward into line with ... rest of the furrow.

TWO HOURS.

... you go steadily. As you stretch over your ... the sweat gathers round your temples ... a trickle runs down your face, causing ... to draw your arm across it. But you do ... work yet. You are just in your ... and the regular thrust, lift, ... as you dig and throw up the ... a regular, almost musical, ...

... half unconsciously, you watch ... of them sliced already, wrigg-... earth again; brown centipedes ... many legged creatures scat-... as you break up the lumps. And ... couple of hours have passed in silent, regular labour you allow yourself a respite.

Leisurely scraping the earth from your boots on the shoulder of the spade, you plant the spade firmly in the ground, and for the first time in two hours you straighten your back. "Ah! What delicious relief! How steaming hot your are! And how splendid, in the mind's eye, is that golden-brown ale which you straightway move off to obtain from the side-door at the hands of the maid.

REFRESHMENT.

Down goes the delicious draught. Without delay you go back to the plot, taking, on your way, a pipe and pouch and matches from your coat on the hedge-top.

Then, as you fill up, you regard your work. Not without satisfaction either! You have succeeded in keeping the mould even; you have broken it up well as you went along; there are no bad patches, and already the surface of the exposed earth, where you began the job, is turning lighter because the sun is drying out the moisture. What would not grow, and grow well, you ask yourself, in that comfortable soil?

A WELL-EARNED DINNER.

But the morning is getting on, and the pipe is not finished. You keep it alight and return to the earth with it still in your mouth. For another hour or a little longer you set to work again, rejoicing quietly that the wilderness is beginning to be tamed, in fact, to disappear, and to give place to your trim handiwork.

In the midst of your thoughts a loud bell sounds from the house. You hasten to the pump, your coat under your arm, and after a refreshing swill you run in to dinner "as you are," eat well, and return within an hour to your day's digging, mightily pleased with yourself and with what you have accomplished.

C. EASTON GREY.

LOUNGING ON THE RIVER.

The large number of boating fatalities that occurred last summer ought, but apparently has not sufficed, to warn more men addicted to river-lounging to learn to swim. But it is not to be expected, perhaps, that an enthusiastic riverite will forgo his pet recreation until he has become a second Jabez Wolffe; so that this warning may not be out of place.

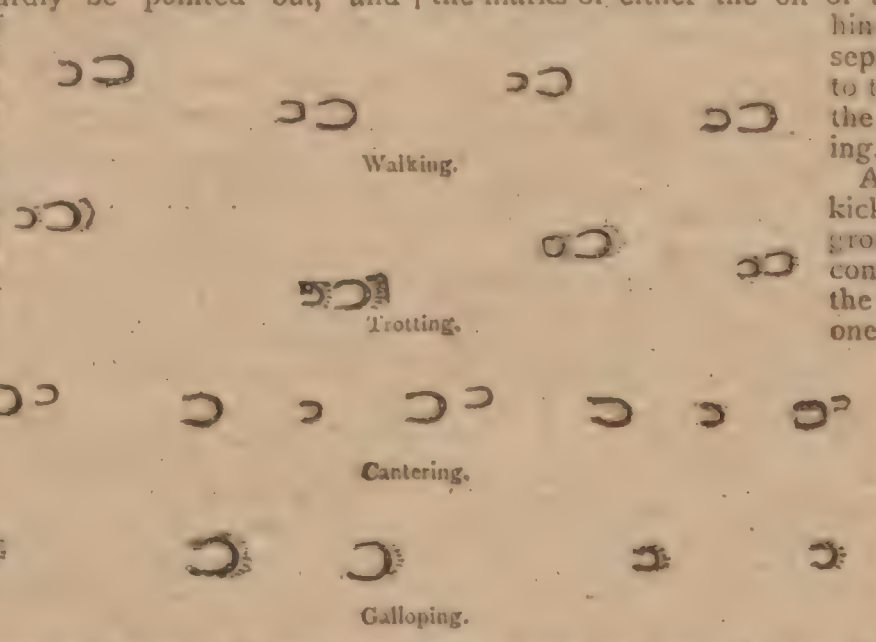
Never give way to the silly impulse to frighten your companion or companions by "rocking the boat." This is the cause of the majority of boating accidents. And never "change over" more than one at the time.

HOOF-MARKS.

There is more to be learned from the hoof-marks of a horse than most men believe, and certainly more than most men are capable of deriving from a study of them.

Yet it is by no means difficult to tell from the marks in the ground whether the animal has been walking, trotting, cantering, or galloping, and the deciphering of the tracks gives an added interest to a country walk or a ramble on the downs where every hoof-mark is clearly-defined in the soft turf.

The military use of a knowledge of the tracks of a horse need hardly be pointed out, and Territorial readers of whatever branch of the Service, whether they are scouts or not, will be able to earn no small reputation for smartness if they are capable of reading information from the tracks of the enemy.



The first thing to observe is that the marks of the fore hoofs are slightly smaller than those of the hind ones. The difference in size has been exaggerated in the accompanying diagrams for the sake of clearness.

At the walk, the hoof-marks appear in pairs in two parallel straight lines, the hind foot being put down just in front of the fore foot on the same side. The distance between the toe of the hind hoof and the heel of the opposite fore hoof in front of it being about 2ft. 8in.

The tracks of a trotting horse are very similar, the two points of difference being that the distance between hind and fore hoof is about 4ft. 4in., and that the toes are dug further into the ground, the earth being kicked up slightly in front of the hoof-marks.

The faster the horse is moving the more will the ground be kicked up.

A cantering horse plants his feet more in one straight line, and the marks appear closer together than when the animal is trotting. The total measurement from the toe of one of the fore hoofs to where that same toe touches the ground again, is about 7ft. 4in.

In the diagram here given it will be noted the marks no longer appear in pairs close together, the marks of either the off or the near fore and hind feet being separated, according to the leg with which the horse is "leading."

At the gallop the kicking up of the ground again becomes noticeable and the marks appear one in front of the other, as though the horse were deliberately moving along a marked line.

It will be interesting to notice the order in which a galloping horse puts down its feet. In the diagram the marks appear in the following order, reading from left to right: Off fore, off hind, near hind, near fore, off fore and so on.

The distance between the off fore and hind hoof-marks is about 6ft. 6in.; between off hind and near hind it is 3ft. 10in., between near hind and near fore it is 7ft. 6in., and between near fore and off fore, 5ft.

The measurements given will, of course, differ according to the size and action of the horse.

C. WATKINS.

BOOTS

THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A NEW SUBALTERN.

The cab rolls heavily across the barrack-square. Outside is a very new uniform case, a portmanteau or two, and other impedimenta. Inside is the new subaltern.

Ever since he received his commission he has been rather puffed up. His sisters and younger brothers have shown him unwonted deference; he has been something of a lion at local tea-parties and similar functions; other men of the same age—a little over eighteen, but still more or less in leading-strings, have regarded him with undisguised envy.

But now he feels anything but a hero. He tugs nervously at the place where his moustache will one day be; he strives to remember that he is "an officer and a gentleman"; but he cannot for the life of him get away from the feeling that he is a new boy arriving at school.

THE OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS.

The cab stops by the officers' mess, on the steps of which several officers are lounging about preparatory to going on parade.

He gets out gingerly, and undergoes one of the greatest ordeals of his life. Other officers have joined the group, and he stands there under the polite yet searching scrutiny of more than a dozen pairs of eyes.

He feels horribly self-conscious; he wishes he had on his grey suit and not his brown one; he regrets his bright green tie. He is sure that every detail of his appearance is being silently criticised.

As a matter of fact, he is making a good impression. Keen eyes have spotted the gun-case, the cricket bag, the tennis rackets, the fishing tackle, and the golf clubs. The youngster is evidently a bit of a sportsman—a decided improvement on that one who arrived (for a brief period) with a canary in a cage, a box of improving books, and a respirator.

AMUSING MISTAKES.

Meanwhile the adjutant has come forward with a hearty "You must be Boots. Glad to see you. Won't you come in and have a drink?"

Boots is not quite sure of the wisdom of a drink so early in the morning, though he feels he needs one, and he is also fearfully perturbed in his mind as to whether to keep his hat on or not—he sees that the adjutant retains his cap, but, being a modest youth, he bares his head.

Introductions follow, but he is in such a whirl that he scarcely hears them, and mistakes the ex-'Varsity-candidate subaltern for the colonel, and calls him "sir," to the general amusement; but to that gentleman's secret annoyance, as he is not proud of being twenty-five with a big moustache and still a second-lieutenant.

Then Mr. Boots is shown to his quarters and left in peace for a time. But his education begins early. During the day other subalterns question him pretty closely as to his means, the games he plays, and so on, while his demeanour is carefully watched for any signs of "side," "swank," or other objectionable features.

Then he is given a copy of the mess rules, and required to sign the original edition in token that he agrees to abide by them.

The first night at mess is again something of an ordeal, and I remember one "Boots"—Heaven knows how he ever got a commission—who ruined his chances by remarking in the course of dinner, "Be jabers! Do yc always feed like this?"

MESS ETIQUETTE.

"Boots" will do well to bear in mind that children should be seen and not heard, and the fewer remarks he volunteers the better, though he need not go so far as one subaltern I knew, who for the first three months of his service never opened his mouth, except when directly addressed.

Of course, "Boots" will infringe mess etiquette at almost every turn, but he is not called to account for such blunders until he has had a reasonable chance of learning the mess rules, in which some friendly brother officer will probably coach him.

Even if he wants a lot of licking into shape, "Boots" will find that he gets a fair chance, and the only person who is likely to sit on him at first is Mr. ex-Boots, who cannot, as a rule, resist this opportunity of patronising his successor.

However, I am talking about a newly-joined subaltern's trials and tribulations, and one of the earliest is the night when he dines with his regiment as its guest.

GUEST OF THE EVENING.

Within a day or two of his arrival "Boots" is formally invited to dine with the mess. It is an occasion he is never likely to forget; it is also an honour that will only be repeated when he is married, retires, or leaves for any reason not affecting his character, or does something that reflects glory on his corps.

As the guest of the evening, "Boots" goes in first to dinner, sits on the Colonel's or senior officer's right hand, and for that evening at all events he can do as he likes, and none shall say him nay.

I dare say times have changed, but in my day every endeavour was made to test Mr. Boots's capacity for liquor; mess lasted about three hours, your glass was never allowed to be empty, and altogether it was a pretty thick night for a youngster. I remember one luckless who survived so far as the dessert staj without any warning he bowed his head table and gave up the ghost—temporarily

"Boots's" next social ordeal is calling married ladies of the regiment, and here well make or mar his future, particu regards "Mrs. Colonel."

SOCIAL TROUBLES.

Many, if not, indeed, most, regiments by the C.O.'s wife, where he has one "Boots" fail to make a good impressio quarter he may as well chuck the Service.

Other of Mr. Boots's trials are having duty calls on people whom his seniors of, to dance with dowagers and wall-flo regimental balls, always to be ready to e duty regardless of his own convenience course, if after fair "law" he offends agai etiquette or otherwise incurs the wrath brother officers, he will have to submit "ragged."

Then "Boots" has many official trials. A the best part of his life at Sandhurst w in being drilled, he finds to his disgust tha to go through it all over again.

He goes through precisely the same c regards drill, gymnastics, and musketry recruit private, and for all inflictions comm to having to turn out after a heavy lunc an hour's drill under a sergeant who h ideas on the subject of how young officer be trained.

HARD WORK.

For the first three months of his service puts in four hours' drill a day at goose-step exercise by numbers and so on, to say of multifarious other duties.

However, all things come to an end. has triumphantly passed his (a) and (b) tion; he has proved his worth at game sure sign of popularity—he has acquir name. He has had his set-backs, but he h his "wiggings," official and unofficial, like He has been told that one of these days be a worthy member of his regiment. beginning really to feel his feet, but one wanting to complete his happiness.

He has got to experience the intense d knowing that he has a junior.

And the pleasure must necessarily com in the course of time,

One morning the old cab rolls once mor the square, and a nervous youth emerg gazes uncertainly at Boots, who is alone steps. "Haw," says Boots, advancing, "y be——. Glad to see you. Come in and drink."

Boots is "Boots" no longer. CHINS

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain over ten thousand potential who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of a duction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-p gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9- tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, West Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your e

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

A VILLAGE EPISODE.

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

By SIDNEY NORTH.

ine in the heart of one
the fairest of England's
ties lies a village which,
ording to the legend of
sign-post at the cross-lanes by the Queen's
l Inn, is Kingshorton.

summer afternoons Mr. Hoffer sits on
shiny seat outside the inn and smokes, and
ch times is at peace even with Worplesdon
he Lone Barn. Mr. Tunns and George
dery sit there after dinner and between
also there is a perfect armistice. There is
estful stagnation about the place. One
, as it were in placid waters and wallows
ne uneventful.

nce Tunns, the ever-energetic, saw fit to
nble at the kind dispensation of Pro-
nce that had set us down in such a pro-
ame-less place. That afternoon the sun
very hot and only a rumbling hay-cart
sionally disturbed us, in rolling past in
ling clouds of fine dust. It was
ns who extracted a beam from his eye
proceeded to pick the mote from Kings-
on's.

Nothing ever happens *here*," said he
emptuously. "Only breakfast time, and
her time, and tea time, and supper
And milking time," Farmer Hoffer put in.
ns assented.

e worst of it is that Tunns once lived
town that boasted 8,000 inhabitants.
ngs were always happening there. There
e "lovely" funerals; sometimes a cart
ld back into a shop window, or a water
n would burst, encouraging the humorists
rite smart notes to the weekly paper to
fect that the Council had, at last, erected
untain.

og fights occurred on an average twice a
and it was considered nothing to see a
ceman in the very act of arresting a man
muddling his brain with alcohol.
uch a liberal education as this, although
ns had received it twenty years ago, had
le him *blasé* with regard to the life
Kingshorton. Kingshorton, however, con-
d to serve up nothing, with surprising
iality, for the intellectual appetite of Mr.
ns. . . .

remember that Mr. Tunns was still com-
ning of his *ennui* when a young man,
zed, upstanding, and with features of the
t stump came up. His portmanteau, I
ll bore the fragments of the
nd on Voyage" ticket.
den, the carrier, had brought him from
distant town. Eden, the carrier, did not
t to talk to us that afternoon. But,
ing up his ancient hobby, he drove on
hill. He does the same thing when
brings for me, from the town, a piece
Cheddar cheese which he knows I shall
appreciate because of its excessive soapi-

he young man put his hands into his poc-
and jingled unmistakable gold. Then he
d rather wistfully, I thought—at Farmer
r, Worplesdon, George Sandery, and Mr.
. I was beginning to wonder what he
attractive in them, when it occurred
to regard them also. . . . What
s of ultra-British stolidity they had
all in a moment! Farmer Hoffer
his eye on the distant mill;
don was engrossed in a fly that had
on his boot; George Sandery had
of sweat standing on his brow; and
Tunns, the embodiment of outraged
ectability, regarded the stranger with a
n eye.

t last it was the young man who spoke.
I've come back," said he, "to act like a
and do the—the right thing. I've worked
d out in Ontario. . . . Got a farm of
me own now at a little place called Evelyn. It's near London, Ontario, Canada."

The American-Canadian accent bristled amid the thick Kingshorton brogue like scrub upon a common—but the young man had stated in a few words that which would have taken Mr. Tunns as many sentences to wander around.

Mr. Tunns was the first of the statuesque four to speak.

"Ye hain't writ a line, James Kinder," said he, and retired into his respectability again.

The young man put out a hand despairingly.

"I waited until I knew I *could* provide a home for her, Mr. Tunns," said he. Farmer Hoffer transferred his gaze to the church tower.

"You know how you left her," said Farmer Hoffer.

"Least you could ha' churched her—'stead o' sneakin' away like a coward thief." This from Worplesdon, who does not mince matters.

George Sandery said nothing. George Sandery was once in the Army.

The young man was silent for a moment. Then:

"She still lives with her mother?"

"She lives in her mother's house t'other side of the hill," said Worplesdon, grimly.

The young man caught the inflection of his voice.

"Her mother then is——"

"Dead," said Worplesdon. "She had her pride. *That* broke it. . . . It was you—you who killed her, James Kinder! I say it though your dead father and me was as brothers. Yes, you killed her."

George Sandery turned on Worplesdon. "You've said enough, man!" said he. "The boy has paid. Is payin' now. Look at him."

The young man's face was ashen and his lips quivered. . . . One could hear the teeth in that strong jaw chatter.

"It's unfair," he trembled, "damned unfair . . . I've done wrong, I know. . . . But there's those who wouldn't ha' come back at all." Gradually he was dropping into pure Kingshorton. "Some, who, once in Canada and goin' strong, would ha' forgot. And you—you curse me for tryin' to make up to Anna—"

"Make up to her!" I saw Worplesdon sneer. "She don't want your precious self-sacrifice *now*," said he.

Momentarily the young man's eyes blazed. Fascinated, I watched him until they died down again. He clenched his fists and sighed. In the struggle his better feelings had gained the victory. Two great beads of sweat rolled down his cheek. It had been a fight.

"But it ain't self-sacrifice, Mr. Tunns," said he. "It's—it's love. I loved Anna. Allus did. Allus shall. I went because it was hopeless—so as I might try to earn enough to keep her. Now . . . . I'm back you see. I've come for her, and Parson Quayles himself shall marry us over in the church there. . . . You say nothin' to that? Well, I tell ye, I don't want your permission. On your own showin' Anna's an orphan now, and she is over what is the lawful age to marry. I'll go over the hill there. . . . . and go to her myself and say as I've come back—first of all because she's dear to me and has been—always.

"When I stopped here and saw ye all, I thought perhaps one of ye might go and sort o' prepare her. I have, as you say, Mr. Tunns, writ no letters. The plough comes handier to me than a pen. I worked out there in Canada—hard—oh, very hard, and when the others were spendin' dollars like sixpences, I was savin' for this. . . . I thought I'd find a kind thought in my home. I expected an encouragin' word from my father's old friend——"

I saw Worplesdon flinch as under a whip, but he said nothing. Over beyond the trees where the rooks cawed above their nests and winged forth again, the sun was climbing down the sky. The essence of the peace of the countryside permeated the very atmosphere. Yet, for once, Kingshorton was not permitted to drowse. I almost waited for the church clock—incapacitated from work many years agone—to wake up suddenly and strike. All had been quiet and then—this amazing young man out of the void!

That it was not a dream I knew for certain because he brushed his bag against me as he half snatched it off the seat. I saw him straighten himself, grasp his portmanteau firmly and trudge off bravely up the hill—none bidding him farewell.

Then it was Mr. Tunns who turned on Worplesdon of the Lone Barn.

"Why didn't ye tell the lad?" he asked.

"You—you're spokesman o' this village, Tunns," said Worplesdon. "I didn't see it was any of my business."

"I take it that it was your place, anyway, Worplesdon, you knowin' both families like."

"You got as far as her mother bein' dead and her livin' in the house over the hill," said George Sandery. "Another four words would have made it plain. 'With her newly-wed husband' you might ha' said, or 'With Tom Shrike the blacksmith.' He knows Tom was set on her when *he* was courtin'. And Tom's action proves how mortal fond he is of her——"

"Even paid the funeral expenses of the mite. And it weren't done cheap, either," said Mr. Tunns. And he was a judge of funerals

We fell into silence again, but instinctively our eyes wandered to the long gently-rising hill over the brow of which the youth from Canada had gone out of sight.

Five—six—seven minutes elapsed. Then he appeared again, walking straight and swiftly, striding it out like a man who is anxious to put the miles behind him. . . .

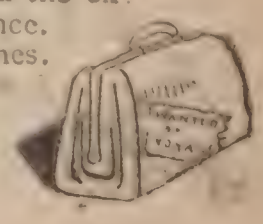
Nearer he came. . . . and nearer.

He swung past us, looking straight ahead and with such an expression on his face as I hope never to see again on the face of a man. . . . He turned the bend that shuts travellers from the sight of those who bask on the white benches.

"It was you, Tunns," said George Sandery, "who said that nothing ever happens *here*!"

I would that I could convey to you the exquisite note of sarcasm in that sentence.

George Sandery is very dry at times.



HOW WE TASTE THE OPEN AIR LIFE

A STANDING CAMP FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

There are three of us—the ideal number for company, whatever proverbs may say. Two may be company, but they are very apt to bore each other, while four is a crowd.

No, three, we have decided, is the proper number, and the three of us have spent the summer together under canvas for several years now.

Don't imagine that we simply spend our fortnight's holiday sleeping in a tent instead of in a seaside lodging-house, or in one of the regular holiday resorts. Many young men who are fond of the open have the good sense to do that.

We began in that way, but we enjoyed it so much that we decided to go a step further, and the next year we made our camp a standing one.

Our coat-rack.

We are all of that numerous confraternity that is classed together as "clerks"—which is to say that we each frequent a different City office during the week, and that we are none of us in receipt of princely incomes.

Nevertheless, we contrived without very much difficulty to purchase the plant necessary for starting our camp, by dint of saving up through the winter and drawing a little on our reserves. The cheapness of living in camp as compared with "digs," for nearly five months of the year, soon enabled us to repay the original outlay from what we saved.

As we all "dig" together in town during the winter months, we were able to come to terms with our landlady, and we keep one room between us, so that we may have somewhere to store our few goods and chattels, and somewhere to sleep in case any of us is detained in town and is unable to get back to the camp at night. But the other rooms we do not have to pay for, since they are let to temporary occupants during our absence.

The kitchen.

We did not start with a luxurious and expensive outfit, although we made a point of paying a fair price for such essentials as the tent and so on, in order that they might last from year to year. We considered the possibility of hiring the tent each year, but found that in two or three years we should have paid the price of a new one.

Also we decided to go to the extravagance of having a "gipsy" tent with a ridge pole and a fly-sheet or double roof, which made us quite independent of the weather. It ran us into rather over two pounds apiece, but it has proved worth it.

It is true that you can get a secondhand bell-tent for as little as 35s., and one need want nothing better for a brief holiday when one can be fairly sure of fine weather, but something more substantial is needed when it is to be your home for several months.

A movable hammock.

A boarded floor was also necessary, not only as a protection from damp, but in order to keep the ground inside the tent from getting trodden into such a condition that the tent would have to be moved frequently.

The first year we contrived a very passable floor of the lids of packing-cases and other odd bits of board, but afterwards, as we decided to make the tent our regular summer residence, we got a local carpenter to construct a floor of planed deal boards battened together in sections. These were easily kept clean and scrubbed, and easily removed and stored during the winter.

At first we slept on very primitive beds, which we fitted up on the floor, but next year we indulged in camp beds, which cost us under a sovereign apiece, and which during the day were covered with rugs and made admirable sofas.

In the hot weather, however, we spent our nights under the open sky, and partly to save the trouble of dragging out our beds and partly because it seemed more comfortable and less uninteresting than a bed, we each rigged up a hammock, which was supported at each end by three short poles lashed together and arranged as a tripod.

For cooking purposes we erected a very effective "range" by simply making two low walls of sods, between which sticks were laid lengthways, with the occasional addition of coal purchased from the neighbouring village if we had a big job on hand.

This sort of "kitchen" will accom... any number of pots or kettles at the s... time, and they can be supported on a bar ... on two forked supports.

We did not depend, however, on this kitc... for we found a small oil stove more suita... for boiling kettles and frying small quan... ties of food, and it saved the trouble of l... ing a fire. Moreover, when the wind was in certain quarters the smoke from the fire was by no means pleasant.

A useful method of erecting a can...

We found the fact that our tent had two poles extremely useful, since we could arrange two sets of pegs for hanging clothes on. We go in for the simple expedient of tying a couple of crossed tent-pegs firmly to the pole, for we find it quite as effective as the more expensive strap with brass hooks, and by putting the pegs upside down, we get four points on which to hang coats and so on.

The lighting of our tent at night is ... done by an oil lamp, which is hung from ... ridge pole by a wire, and we have a can... lantern for use outside.

But in the early days when we were sav... every penny of unnecessary expense ... adopted a very useful tip to protect our ... from the wind. We got a clear glass bot... and knocking off the bottom, fixed it ... down in a block of wood, or sometimes ... the earth, and the candle was set in the ne...

The bottom may be cut off neatly by p... a little water in the bottle and stand... the embers of the fire, when it will ... and crack at the water level.

During the winter our paraph... stored in the barn of the farmer on... land (for a nominal rent) we camp... are sufficiently near the house for ... keep an eye on them during the sum... when we are all away at business.

When we get tired of our presen... ground—if we ever do—we can easily m... some quite different neighbourhood, but ... the present our summer address is permane... We are just near enough to town to be a... to cycle in and out if we feel energetic, w... the season-ticket is not expensive, w... are just far enough to be able to enj... country and all the advantages of the op... air life.

L. F. W...

MAKING A MAN A GENTLEMAN.

No one has ever given a true definition of a gentleman, and no one ever will; but it is admitted that the qualification is not one of rank or money, and it may be interesting to note some of the characteristics that go towards the making of a gentleman in every walk of life.

* * *

He is, above all, a gentle man; an aggressive manner is generally the mark of the bounder.

* * *

He is never purposely offensive, and he will rarely give offence even unintentionally.

* * *

Consideration for others dominates all his words and actions. He will never omit such details as to wipe his boots on entering a house, or such little courtesies as opening the door for a lady.

* * *

He is unfailingly polite to a lady whatever may be her age or position. He would help an old beggar-woman across the road with as much courtesy as a duchess.

He is always well-groomed, what... station in life; but as regards his clot... always looks as though he had someth... better at home. He is never obviously in... "Sunday best."

* * *

His voice may not be musical, but ... never be raised unnecessarily loud. ... never self-assertive.

* * *

He does not pretend to a position ... not his, and both his speech and conver... tion, as well as his manners, seem ... He never behaves as though he had rea... right thing to do in a book on etiq... meant to work it in somehow at all ...

* * *

He is clean in person, thought, speech, ... action.

* * *

He will find something good to s... everybody, and will rarely speak ill of a... behind his back.

L. F. R...

THE KEEPER'S PLOT.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By C. STRAKER.

[illegible]one was taking toll of the rabbits as often [illegible] in a week. This much was certain, for [illegible] wire snares were not always removed by [illegible]per, whoever he was; and it was no unusual experience for the keeper to find them [illegible] at the holes where the runs disappeared [illegible]ts and dead bracken and brambles that [illegible] outward from the wood like the shaggy [illegible] of an uncared-for beard.

[illegible] poacher was a cunning man in his movements. This also was certain, for the keeper [illegible] so far failed to catch even a glimpse of a [illegible]g figure anywhere near the preserves, in [illegible] of the exercise of unusual vigilance and the [illegible] of numerous little traps.

[illegible]n had so far been in vain, and the rabbits were [illegible]ning out. His great fear was that the [illegible]easants were also being laid under contribution by the culprit.

Their habit of roosting in the lower branches of [illegible] trees rendered them peculiarly open to the [illegible]ttacks of a prowling poacher. Their plump [illegible]odies showed up against the night skies, and a well-directed blow, or a slug from a powerful and [illegible]ompara[illegible]ely silent air-gun in a vital spot, would [illegible] the bird plumping down to the ground with[illegible] disturbing the stillness of the wood at night.

[illegible] keeper's detective powers were so far [illegible]. He had often gone quite ostentatiously [illegible] in his little cottage, spending half an [illegible] in his bedroom, the clean white calico [illegible] drawn, and a candle burning on the sill, to [illegible] watching poacher the impression that he [illegible] was retiring for the night. Then the candle [illegible] would be doused, and for half an hour deep [illegible] would settle on the little homestead. But [illegible]per would steal out a little later, and with [illegible] he could trust to be silent, he would make a [illegible] of the woods.

[illegible], having spent many a long night [illegible] and watching, he would leave his bedroom [illegible]drawn and go to bed in the dark, [illegible] to give the impression that he was still out [illegible].

[illegible] little Plot also failed. And still the [illegible] [illegible]ppeared, and the keeper was in danger [illegible] [illegible] his place and his reputation in the [illegible]. His failure gave him much anxiety, [illegible] and set to work to devise a plot a little [illegible] roundabout and complicated than his pre[illegible] efforts.

[illegible]h shrewd cogitation and thought with [illegible] brows, at length brought forth fruit. He [illegible] a plan by which he believed his suspicions [illegible] be tested, and, he hoped, confirmed by a [illegible]e.

[illegible] course he had his suspicions. Every keeper [illegible] them. Indeed, the race of keepers acts [illegible]ards the whole village on the principle that all [illegible] potential poachers. He had little to go upon [illegible] the way of evidence, but he had often noticed [illegible] the stakes with which the wire snares were [illegible]ened to the ground were cut roughly, hacked [illegible] brute force and a blunt blade, ill-shaped and [illegible] jagged.

[illegible] his next visit to the little market town he [illegible] into the ironmonger's shop to inquire as to [illegible]rs to one of his guns, and while there he [illegible] a strong, one-bladed knife.

[illegible] that night he sat up late with his oilstone, and [illegible] an edge upon the knife as would have [illegible] to shave with it.

[illegible] roughed and battered the shaft to take [illegible] appearance of its newness. Lastly, taking [illegible] from a drawer, he made in the centre of the [illegible]tering blade a V-shaped notch. Then he put [illegible] knife in his pocket with an air of confidence [illegible] seemed to say, "Now I'll have you, my fine [illegible]."

[illegible] night he strolled as usual round and [illegible] the woods, and on his way home the [illegible] was casually dropped just outside the little

wooden gate of a tiny cottage, whose overhanging thatch and homely single chimney stack suggested only rural innocence.

The rabbits continued to disappear as before, and to his great joy he observed that the stakes were now pointed and trimmed with a neatness and precision that sent a thrill of triumph through him.

Picking up one of these stakes, he examined it closely, and though he had complete control of his feelings as a rule, he could not on this occasion restrain a loud "Ho, ho!" For upon the point of the stake were a number of little notches, which could only have been made by such a blade as he had prepared a few nights previously.

His thoughts leaped forward, and he imagined himself giving evidence at petty sessions, and priding himself on his smart ruse and capture. So far his scheme had proved entirely successful. He had yet, however, to discover into whose possession the notched knife had fallen. The most important link of evidence had yet to be obtained, and in devising a further ruse to complete the chain his thoughts turned to the bar-parlour of the Wheatsheaf.

He was, with the rest of the young men of the village, a regular visitor here, and as a keeper, and a man on whom great responsibilities devolved he was regarded with a mixture of awe and admiration by his fellow-villagers.

Still he was not too high above them to create a gap in sympathy between them, and as for his suspicions—and he had many—he never allowed these to show in his relations with them. Only on proof positive could he set the law in motion.

Of late an independent observer might have seen that he was more inclined to be convivial among them. They attributed his willingness to stand drinks to his receipt of a fat Christmas-box from the owner of the woods he guarded, and to tips from the friends who now and again came down from town for a week-end shoot.

In the course of a week he was by way of becoming the most popular man in the village, and his visits were always awaited with impatience by those who were neither able nor inclined to stand treat more than once, or at most twice, in an evening.

Then one night he entered as usual, but a little late. He carried a brand new ash stick, such as hang in bundles from the tobacconist-hairdressers' shop-doors in every little country town.

"I'd almost given you up," the landlord remarked genially.

"I had to go into the town to get my old gun, and I got talking with one and another of 'em and missed the carrier's cart, so I had to walk," the keeper replied.

"Had a new stick to help you," chimed in another young man, sitting cross-legged in front of a two-handled mug of brown ale.

"Yes, I got 'un to-day. My old 'un has worn down too short."

And so the conversation went on in the leisurely and simple style common in any little village in England. Drinks went round freely, the keeper standing, as usual, more than his share, and showing himself more than usually agreeable.

At last he rose to go, but before departing they had one more drink all round. For a moment or two the keeper was engrossed in examining the palm of his right hand, rubbing it with his left thumb.

"Got a thorn in the flesh?" asked one of the company.

"'Tain't just that," said the keeper, "but this 'ere stick do give my hand gip. There's a sharp edge to it and I ain't cut it to shape yet."

Saying this, and as the sympathetic onlookers gathered round, the keeper took from his pocket a knife that had seen its prime many years ago. He began to hack at the handle of the stick in an attempt to smooth its rough edges.

"I'm afeared this old knife o' mine ha' seen 'is best days," he remarked. "Who's got a sharp blade on him?"

In a second half a dozen hands dived into half a dozen pockets, and there was a clatter of knives upon the table. To his great delight the keeper observed among them the very knife he himself had bought, sharpened, notched, and dropped before a certain humble cottage.

Casually selecting this one from the number, he carefully shaved the roughness of the handle, trying it to his hand as he did so, until it was shorn of its harshness.

"That's a bit better," he said, shutting the knife with a click. "And who may this belong to?" he went on, surveying the room.

"That's mine," spoke up a ruddy young carter.

"Oh! Is it," said the Keeper. "I'll keep it for a bit."

And pocketing the knife, he bade them all "Good-night," and strolled home with the last link of evidence in his pocket. He had found his man

HOW SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS HELPS US.

"Stiff with self-consciousness" is a phrase in which a well-known novelist describes the typical British youth; and it is undeniable that self-consciousness is a peculiarly British characteristic.

But it is strange that so many people decry it, for a little thought will make it clear that it can be—and indeed is—of incalculable service to us. Self-consciousness is a sense that other people are looking at us and criticising us unfavourably. No doubt this is a delusion. Probably nobody is bothering his head about us. But still the feeling tends to make us improve first our appearance, then our carriage, and even, perhaps unconsciously, our moral tone as well.

INSTEAD OF A SAFETY MISS.

In commencing a game of billiards, the usual practice is for the first player to give a safety miss in baulk, as most of us know. This of course, is in order to give his opponent as difficult a shot as possible. In attempting such a "miss," one should always try to bring one's ball back within the "half-circle," for the cannon off the red, which is the only shot left "on," is very difficult indeed. But if the white is left close to a side cushion the cannon is materially simplified.

Sometimes, however, if you are in "good eye"—to use the current billiard expression—you may have a try at a double-baulk. It is much easier than it looks.

Spot your ball in the centre of the "half-moon," and with a little right-hand side on, hit the red half-ball, and fairly hard. Both balls will come back, off opposite cushions, into baulk. A little steady practice will enable you to bring off this shot successfully over and over again.

NEW CAPTAINS OF THE YEAR

SOME CHANGES IN THE CRICKET WORLD.

By ROBERT ABEL.

Every season we have to say good-bye to familiar faces among our cricket captains, and the present year is no exception to the rule. Indeed, it may be said with a good deal of truth that in more than one instance the position has gone begging and has only been with the greatest difficulty filled up.

Besides the selection of the new leaders, there are some welcome announcements, and one is that G. L. Jessop is now thoroughly restored to health and will lead the Gloucester eleven. His presence was sorely missed last year, and a great welcome awaits him on all grounds.

H. J. Goodwin, who made such a good score for his side in the first match of the season when Warwickshire collapsed against Surrey, is an old Cambridge Blue, and was educated at Marlborough. There he was a very successful all-round player, and three years ago he gained his "Blue" at the University, and in the great match he played one of the many useful innings for which he has become famous.

The new "skipper" bats in positive style and has some crisp strokes on the off side. He is a right-hand bowler with an accurate length and break from the leg. He can also place his field in a very clever manner, and this will make him an ideal captain. On hard wickets, such as we hope to have in many matches this summer, he would prove his worth to the side.

It was at the end of his first year in the Light Blue eleven that he had an invitation to play for the county, and he has an average of 30. He has already made his first century in County cricket, and it was at Brighton against Sussex.

In one way he is a very unique personage, for at the end of his first season he received the coveted distinction of Senior Wrangler at Cambridge. Here is a clear and convincing proof that play and work can go hand in hand with the best possible results.

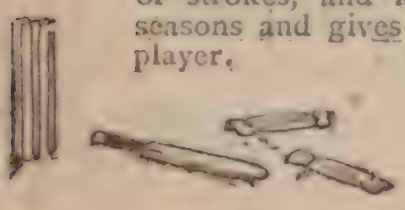
A. E. Lawton and L. G. Wright have retired from cricket, the latter after more than a quarter of a century of loyal service. Probably had Mr. Wright played for a stronger county he would have taken a very high place in connection with the game. The successor is to be an Old Uppingham Schoolboy, J. Chapman, who was unknown till last June, when in three hours and a half he scored 198 runs out of 345.

Despite a rapid rate of scoring, he made very few false hits, but at once took the measure of the bowling. He reached 50 under the hour, and made his century in an hour and a half. He was at Oxford, but did not get a chance so far as the eleven was concerned. Derbyshire cricket is very depressing, and Mr. Chapman will not be the first young man who has made a gallant attempt to bring good fortune to the county.

Sussex have suffered heavily during the last few years. Only just lately have they lost C. L. A. Smith, the popular captain, an old Brighton College Boy. They have had a terribly hard time, and the removal of the Jam Ranji and C. B. Fry did not make matters easy.

A. E. Relf and his friends, with the help of a popular leader, did very well last year, and everyone regretted that it would be necessary to find a new captain this year.

The choice of the committee has fallen on H. P. Chaplin, one of the military cricketers, who played for the county. He is twenty-eight years of age, a batsman with a variety of strokes, and he has already played two seasons and gives promise of making a useful player.



MY NOTEBOOK.

IN ACTIVE PROGRESS. I was telling you last week about the arrangements which are in active progress regarding the co-operative scheme whereby every reader of this paper may become a part-proprietor.

Next week I shall print in these pages a full prospectus of the new company, and I think that you will find it of exceptional interest.

I am afraid that the average purchaser of a penny paper does not realise the magnitude of the enterprise which produces the copy that he buys.

To him it is merely a penny's worth. Does he realise that if he were the one and only purchaser of that copy it would cost over £150? It is only by means of a large circulation and by its advertising revenue that a paper like this can be produced.

Apart altogether from the cost of publishing, distributing, railway carriage, steamer freight, paper, printing, stereotyping and composing, there is the large item of payments to authors and artists, for every contribution appearing in this paper is paid for. There are also the salaries of the editorial staff. That a penny paper can give employment to so many people and yet show substantial profits gives you some idea of the power of co-operation, for it is by the co-operation of my readers that I have obtained the necessary circulation that enables me to do these things.

IN DEFENCE OF SPORT. On more than one occasion in the past I have dealt in these columns with purely business matters, and I have been pulled up about them. Readers who have been accustomed to find me discussing sport and other of the lighter subjects of masculine interest, have learned with something of a shock that my business is now one of the largest of its kind. To them it has seemed that the head of a large publishing business must necessarily be a middle-aged man with side whiskers and all other adjuncts of old-fashioned respectability. That he should be comparatively young, that his interest, apart from business, should be concerned chiefly with sport and with military work, appears to them inconsistent.

I can only assure them that it is solely through my capacity for leading what may be called in a sense a double life that I have been able to build up this business.

My reputation in the trade is very definite. I do not think that I err in saying that I am known as a keen buyer, but I take some pride in the fact that I am also known in Fleet Street and throughout the journalistic world as a buyer for cash. I have never made any pretence of being kind in business, but I have always been just.

Business, however, is but a part of a man's life, and it is only by means of the sports in which he indulges in his leisure hours that he manages to keep fresh and fit for each day's work. Therefore I make no excuse for the interest I have confessed to you in regard to sport.

THE ELEMENT OF SELF. On former occasions when I have discussed business matters I have been accused by certain readers, otherwise well-disposed, of being egotistical. I am very certain that their accusation was thoroughly justified. A man in business is necessarily egotistical. He is working for other people very largely, but chiefly and above all things for himself. If, therefore, in such friendly chats as these I have at times given my own views of things rather too prominently, I think you will excuse and forgive me.

The success of this paper has been without precedent. For that I claim no credit. I was fortunate enough to conceive the idea of establishing a paper for men, an idea which had so far not been exploited, in spite of the number of papers already in existence. My conception of the idea was a bit of luck, and, therefore, I cannot flatter myself about it. I claim a little credit, however, for having worked at it as I did, for having kept it to myself, and for having gone through the experience of working in other publishing houses, an experience which was not by any means always pleasant—and for having nursed the paper as I have done. For the self-denial involved in this procedure, and for the other sacrifices I have made, I think that I should not be grudged the right of possessing a property such as this publication has now become. That it has become so valuable is, however, neither a matter of luck nor of my doing, but of the goodwill of my readers.

It is to my readers that I owe the wide circulation now possessed by THE MODERN MAN, and as I have already said, it is because of the debt I feel I owe them that I am inaugurating a scheme of co-operation which will entitle them to share my profits, and which will also make the paper more influential and its circulation more widespread than ever.

EXPANSION. Already I have been actively engaged in solidifying our circulation, not only in this country, but also in the Colonies, and in the British sections of foreign capitals.

I am happy to say that the Colonial trade, so far as concerns Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, is now on a very firmly established basis, and I have latterly been devoting myself to increasing our purely foreign trade—I refer to our circulation amongst the British colonies in Paris, Berlin, Naples, and Constantinople. There are many similar markets still to be developed.

I have done more than the spadework, but the progress of the paper is now too big a matter for one man's control. There are profits to reap, fresh circulations to be had, and I do not see why we should not seize the opportunity of gaining them.

There were many ways in which I could have attained my ends, but the one upon which I decided was, sentimental as it may seem, the one that by which those who had supported me in my early efforts should join with me in the sharing of my rewards.

A LEAGUE MATTER. There called to see me the other day an enthusiastic reader from Brighton. He is a member of the Sussex County League, a keen sportsman and a thorough sportsman all round, and he was one of the earliest whom I had the pleasure of enrolling as a member of the League. When he came to see me we chatted about various matters, the League amongst them.

"I have been disappointed several times," he said, to find in Brighton and Hove that many members of the League do not wear their badges.

"On the other hand, I frequently meet League members who come to Brighton for a week-end from other parts of the country. The other day I met one from Swindon, last week I had a chat with one from Sheffield, and I have made the acquaintance with a good many others in the same way."

"What sort of chaps did you find them?" I asked him.

"The very best," he replied. "You see, we all wish to have a better pal than any one else, and I think they were wise to make it plain that they were League members, so that they could make friends wherever they went. It's a badge good enough, however, for a chap to put on his badge only when he goes away on holiday. He ought to wear it in his own town as well.

"I've worn mine every day since I got it, and am as proud to wear it as I am to wear my hat. The badge, just like the uniform, is a constant reminder that you belong to an organisation for good all-round sports. I think you ought to buck your readers up about wearing their badges."

I trust that I have already done so by reproducing this part of our conversation.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

PHEASANTS' EGGS.

E PROFITS OF A SPORTING INDUSTRY.

hen chill October comes round and the sman has returned with zest to his guns, till further, when he gets into the train ve the City behind for some far-off rs, where the pheasants are as thick as the ng leaves, the months of preparation will been forgotten, and the excitement of the y day's shooting will absorb his entire ghts.

et even now the serious preparation for time to come is going forward with the test speed, and the keeper's eye is on that in the calendar against which is written, easant shooting begins."

is very little known, outside the circles h, a immediately concerns, exactly what preparation for the autumn shooting really . When the guns are placed and the ers are at work, it may or may not strike sportsman to ask where all the pheasants e from. Out of the covers? Yes, but how they get there.

you would know precisely where the ers come from, you must penetrate y into the secluded farms where phea- s are gathered like apples from an d after a heavy summer gale.

s the business of many men to provide owners of estates with as many pheasants' s are required, and in order to comply the enormous demand which arises every large farms are devoted solely to the uction of eggs.

ated, as a rule, well off the beaten these farms are guarded by keepers, experts in pheasant life, and many h as much care as if the ground were with diamonds instead of with the de- ed eggs of a game bird.

rrounded by thick belts of forest land, arm to which I have just been allowed a visit is a sight to wonder at. Up on igh land, where the woods have been ed and the fields stretch for miles away the blue distance, the earth is dotted with the pens where the pheasants have almost domesticated, and where they lay eggs with the regularity of barndoor s, to the profit of the pheasant-farmer. very day men are told off to go the nd of the nests, collecting and bringing in precious eggs, which are treated with the most care.

iers have been pouring in to the farm many days past, demanding eggs by the ired, even by the thousand; and during the est weeks of the spring, when every of pheasant shooting is thinking of a record bag next autumn, the place a very busy office.

ply these demands it is necessary to almost an unlimited number of eggs on d at short notice, and it is no uncommon urrence for a thousand eggs to be brought from the nests in the course of a day. en thousand pheasants' eggs in a week! And the price? For a long period while eggs are less plentiful, as much as a ling for each egg is willingly paid; so with a thousand eggs a day the returns about £350 a week! Not a bad little coming in from pheasants' eggs.

surprising that a very close watch must kept for poachers. Yet these wily depre- ors frequently elude the watchers the dogs and succeed in making a good of many clutches.

ose they have means of selling that are known to the lawful owner, and, though y are usually obliged to let their stolen ods go at a sacrifice, they nevertheless ke sufficient on the transaction to induce m to risk detection and imprisonment.

H. J. GRETTIN.

TOO COSTLY.

They were both boxing enthusiasts, and they were comparing notes concerning the great match which they had attended the night before.

"Fine sport!" said one enthusiast.

"M—yes," replied his friend. "Bit too exciting for my taste. Exciting matches are expensive."

The other looked the surprise he felt.

"Yes," his friend proceeded, "you see I chew tobacco, and every time a man puts on a good hit, I get so excited that I swallow the quid I've got in my mouth. Where there's a lot of good hits going, it's an expensive match for me."

HIS PURPOSE.

The man with the comfortable cap, and the big fur coat pushed his head out of the window of the railway carriage as the train pulled up for a five minutes' stop at Rugby.

The refreshment boy came along with his trolley, and the man with the comfortable cap, etcetera, scanned the comestibles.

"Boy," he said, "is that all you've got to eat?"

"I haven't got to eat them," replied the innocent child, as he wheeled his trolley elsewhere. "My purpose is to sell them, if possible."

ECONOMY.

They had been married some little time.

"My dear," he said, "this will be one of my busy days, and it is just possible that I may have to work very late at the office. If that happens, however, I shall certainly send you a note by a messenger."

"I don't like your running to so much expense for my sake," she said.

"Expense!" he protested. "Why, what does expense matter where your comfort is concerned? And, besides, the messenger will only cost fourpence."

"It's not that," she replied, "that makes me think you extravagant. You see, I have already found the note in your overcoat pocket and you might just as well hand it to me now. I'll take the fourpence also."

A POSSIBLE REASON.

"The constable," said the magistrate, "swears that you were travelling at forty miles an hour."

"I was only going at eighteen," replied the motorist-clergyman.

"Well," said the magistrate, "what possible reason could the policeman have for telling a lie? Surely he cannot bear you any grudge?"

"He might," he replied, "I married him three months ago."

DOG ILLNESSES.

MEDICINES, AND THE TREATMENT OF BITES.

How long does it take to cure a case of mange? This is a query often asked of a veterinary surgeon.

It all depends upon the virulence of the attack; but if the skin is really bad, six weeks at least will hardly suffice to get the dog right.

Then comes the task of getting the animal back into something like condition. Fresh air, good food, cleanliness, a tonic, some cod-liver oil, and companionship—your own if possible—will all go towards pulling a dog round to a healthy condition.

Most dogs suffering from internal illnesses can be cured by a dose of castor oil, which has a specially healing effect in cases of sickness and diarrhœa.

Any mixtures containing chalk are not good for dogs, for the simple reason that they invariably leave the animal in a worse condition than before.

Castor oil should always be administered to a dog suffering from the effects of having picked up some food which has not agreed with him.

Among dogs there are two kinds of rabies—the furious and the dumb. In the former the victim becomes aimless, restless, eats what he should not, and goes about snapping at everyone and everything.

He does not bark, but makes a peculiar hoarse noise. Death takes place between the fifth and the eighth day of the attack.

In "dumb" rabies the dog's tongue swells, his mouth will not shut, and his ordinary sounds are not emitted.

He throws up his head and gives vent to howls of a heart-piercing character when left alone. Death finally comes from paralysis.

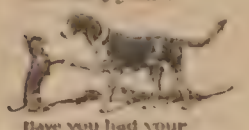
Every dog-owner should keep in the house a stick of lunar caustic in case of rabies.

Encourage the wound to bleed by sucking it, and then wash it well in warm water.

Gamekeepers and kennel-men seldom do anything beyond sucking the place bitten, and they have no fear of any consequences.

It is the dread that people have of a dog-bite which has in many cases caused more than half of any mischief that may have followed.

JAMES MEDWAY.

MOLASSINE
DOG & PUPPY CAKES
Hound and Terrier Meal
are composed of the purest ingredients only. Owing to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which they are compounded they aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in good condition, eradicate internal worms and parasites, and prevent unpleasant odours.
How are you?

Have you had your MOLASSINE DOG CAKE?
MOLASSINE POULTRY MEAL
makes hens lay eggs in abundance.
Sold by Grocers, Corn Merchants, and
THE MOLASSINE CO., Ltd.,
3, Tunnel Avenue, Greenwich, S.E.
KEEP ALL DOGS HEALTHY.

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE
Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

HINTS FOR TERRITORIALS.

May I ask Territorial friends to look ahead with me? In a few weeks' time we shall all be thinking of the annual training camps, and some of us may recall the terribly tough time we went through last year.

Some of those days on the downs "took it out" of a good many. We had, probably, gone to camp not quite as hard as we might have been, and the unusual exercises we were called upon to undergo day after day found our weak spots.

In view of those experiences I am encouraging every Territorial to put in as much and as varied physical culture work as possible before the time for camp arrives.

When one starts for Salisbury Plain, or wherever one is to train, it is splendid to think that no commanding officer can devise a day's manœuvring or marching or fighting that will knock one over.

There is a readier swing in one's walk and a sense of fitness and pleasant expectation of a long and hard day's work when one is in really good condition.

But if one must be "saving" oneself every hour, and always thinking of a possible breakdown, then no day's work on the best of ground can be anything but a nightmare in anticipation and a purgatory in realisation.

So let me urge all a strenuous month or two of exercise. No sort of physical training can possibly come amiss to a soldier. My last tip is: get supple and hard.

SWINGING A WEIGHT.

A great amount of admirable training may be derived from the simple exercise here depicted. It consists of a series of swinging movements carried out, not haphazard, but according to a fixed plan for bringing the whole body into play.

The feet, throughout these exercises, should be firmly planted, a little apart, in a natural position, giving the body ample play to turn at right angles to either hand.

To carry out the exercises with the greatest benefit it is advisable to hold in the hands some weight. A bar of iron, of about the thickness of a dumb-bell handle, and about a foot long to give both hands a firm grip without touching, is a very useful adjunct.

This is best practised with an iron bar or heavy stick.

Taking the weight in the hands, and standing square to the front, raise the gripped weight over the head. Do this three or four times smartly.

When the hands are poised above the head, breathe deeply and slowly, and then with a uniform bending of the body from the hips, swing the hands downward until they are just between the ankles. Repeat this several times, getting quicker at each swing. Keep complete control of the swing and do not let it become the least bit wild or loose.

The body having been alternately bent and straightened, is ready for side movements. These are more exhausting because they call into play muscles which are not usually worked, or at least are not worked in this way.

Stand as at first. Raise the gripped weight to right or left according to choice, until the hands are well above the head. Then, as rapidly as possible, at that level, swing the hands from right to left, making practically a semi-circle.

This movement will call into play muscles all down each side of the trunk, and in the thighs and legs. It is valuable also in giving a man a firm foothold, which tends to a fine carriage.

The swinging exercises can be indefinitely increased and changed according to the ingenuity of the individual athlete.

FOR FINGERS, ARMS, AND SHOULDERS.

At first sight there seems little in an exercise which consists of linking two fingers together and pulling, after the manner of the illustration.

There is a great deal, however, even in pulling.

Take up a firm position and bring your hands together by an extended sweep of the arms. This will brace all the muscles of the arms and expand the chest.

Next link any two corresponding fingers together firmly, at the middle joint, take a deep breath, and begin to pull.

A resistance exercise.

While pulling, the level of the arms can be altered in a variety of ways, affording strain on many muscles and sets of muscles, as well as giving the fingers a good strengthening exercise. Each pair of fingers can be called into play, and even the thumbs should not be neglected.

To give a variety to the strain on arm and chest it is a good plan to breathe very deeply and slowly while the finger strain is at its highest. Do not gulp in a breath or let it out with a rush, but draw long, slow, full breaths, and expire regularly and gradually.

While this process is going on the whole of the arms, shoulders, and chest muscles are at work.

"GYM." OR CULTURE CLASS?

The question is often asked, and more often pondered over, by the young man anxious to make the most of his physical equipment, whether it is better to attend a gymnasium regularly or to join a class for physical culture.

The answer to this question involves a very widespread and deep-rooted trait in human character. The fact is that the physical culture class is a supplement to the gymnasium only because most men will not organise their own physical exercises.

If we join a gymnasium where we can look in at any time and spend as long or as short a period therein as we feel inclined, it is more than likely that we shall never put ourselves through a definite course of really beneficial exercises.

We get an idea that we cannot do this for ourselves, and most of our time in the gymnasium is spent in more or less aimless exercising.

It is here that the physical culture or institution steps in so admirably to show us what we often could do for ourselves.

When a man puts himself into the hands of another man to have his frame built up, he usually places complete confidence in his teacher. This confidence he did not feel in himself. His instructor, seeing what is wanted, at once plans out a course, and the pupil, feeling that he is on the right road at last, sets to work and turns out a determined and successful physical culturist.

Moreover, in this case the pupil pre-pays, has to put down a certain sum of money either at the outset or soon afterwards. It is a notorious fact that this is an added stimulus to a man to do his best.

HOW TO LIVE TO BE 100

Much has been written in an endeavour to show how one may live to reach 100 years of age, but the consensus of opinion of health experts and our leading medical men is that this age can only be reached by a person who, in the first instance, has a perfect constitution and who does not impair vitality or staminal power by any unnatural method of living. To reach this age, one must, in a word, follow nature. The first law of nature is *exercise*. Beyond this one must pay attention to diet, baths, bathing, sleep, etc., have regular hours, avoid worry, and have plenty of fresh air. All the above points, and many others relating to health culture, exercise, and hygienic living are fully explained in a most interesting booklet, entitled "[illegible] at Home," published by Mr. Thomas [illegible], Dept. M.M., The Broadway, Fulham, S.W. Any reader mentioning MODERN MAN will immediately receive a copy and free treatment. If but one year be added to the span of life through Professor [illegible]'s it must be considered that the [illegible] asked is a most profitable and desirable investment. Every reader is recommended to get in touch with Professor [illegible] at once.

THE SPORTING TIMES
Otherwise known as "The Pink [illegible]"
Smarter and More Amusing than Ever.
Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.
WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY
Published Every Friday,
At 52, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

KNOTTY POINTS IN GAMES.

V. BOWLS.

What are the standard measurements of a bowl?—It must not be more than 16½ inches in circumference, or less than 3½ lbs. in weight.

A bowl touches the jack after having first touched one or more other bowls; does it count as a "toucher?"—Certainly, provided the jack is not in the ditch.

A bowl after it has ceased running falls over and touches the jack; is it a "toucher"?—Yes, provided another bowl has not been delivered before it falls over.

In marking a "toucher," the marker accidentally moves it (1) away from the jack (2) nearer to the jack; what happens in either case?—In the first case, he must leave the bowl where it is; in the second case, he must restore it to its original position.

How soon must a "toucher" be marked?—Before the second succeeding bowl has been played.

A "toucher" after passing the jack is "burned," *i.e.*, interfered with (1) by one of the player's own side; (2) by an opponent or a neutral person, what happens?—In the first case, the bowl, although a "toucher," is "dead," but in the second case, the player's side may either let the bowl lie where it comes to rest, or have the head begun anew.

The bowl runs up the bank or against a bowl in the ditch and rebounds on to the green; what happens?—It is counted dead, unless it be a "toucher."

After the last bowl in a head has stopped running how soon may shots be counted?—Either side may insist on the other side waiting half a minute before shots are counted.

At the first head the jack is thrown into the ditch, what happens?—It shall be brought out and placed two yards from the ditch. Supposing it is thrown into the ditch at any subsequent head of a game, what happens then?—The other side have the option of throwing it anew, but this does *not* give them the right of playing first.

Supposing the jack is thrown less than twenty-five yards, what is the penalty?—The other side have the option of throwing it again, but, as before, this does not give them the right of playing first.

F. CUMMINGS-BURBIDGE.

A LANDLADY'S "EXTRAS."

Seated at your little sitting-room table you con over a carefully but extremely illegibly executed manuscript setting forth your week's obligations to your landlady, and as you proceed the furrows in your brow grow deeper and deeper. Butter for cooking one small piece of steak amounts to threepence, a small plateful of cabbage you indulged in on the previous Sabbath is assessed at the same figure, "materials" for a steak-pudding amount to two shillings, and so on. The landlady's "extras" for one week make a very large hole in five shillings, irrespective of the fact that all she does is to cook for you the food you bring home. You resolve that you will "have a word" with her on the subject, and you do; but her unflinching demeanour disarms you, and things go on again as before.

But why not have a small "gas ring" installed in your room? It would save you a lot of money in the long run. A bachelor's needs are small, a boiled egg for breakfast, a chop for dinner; why not cook them for yourself? Many men do this, and manage to live much more comfortably, and also to save money.

SPORTING SLANG.

Have you ever heard of "Buckley's Chance?" I confess I had not until the other day, when I came across a little book on sporting slang.

"Buckley's Chance" means a very poor chance, and the phrase appears to have originated as follows:—

An Englishman struck an Irishman, who made a great outcry, with the result that some of his friends came to the rescue. One of them stepped forward saying fiercely, "Show me the man that struck Buckley?"

The Englishman walked up to him and said "I did."

The Englishman was a large, long No. 1-sized man, and the Irishman, after surveying his proportions, remarked cordially, "Well, it sarved 'im right."

Many are the sporting synonyms for money. Oof, splosh, spondulix, ready, gonce, rhino, are some of them; quid stands for a sovereign, caser for a 5s. piece, sprat or tizzy for sixpence, stiver for a penny.

A man who drinks alone is a Jimmy Woodser, though who Mr. Woodser was I have not the least idea.

When you stop or prevent a man doing something you "put the kibosh on him"; luck, to a few anyway, is "mozzle," while when you disappear you are said to "shirock."

To get the "straight griffin" is to get reliable information, while "tats" are loaded dice, and a "stumer" is a horse that is not meant to win. This term, which is derived from a Hebrew word meaning dead, is also applied to a dishonoured cheque.

The Modern Man Territorial Mufti Suit.

Special Offer to all our Readers.

Owing to the success of our first Territorial Mufti suit, we have concluded arrangements with Messrs. J. and H. Ellis to produce a second and improved edition of it.

Again Captain Saunders is the designer.

This newer suit is a distinct improvement on the last.

The outside breast pockets, which many readers felt were too sporty for city wear, have been eliminated, but the chief features of the original suit (modified by the dictates of summer fashion) remain.

The coat is cut, like a tunic, to show the waist. It has a slit at the back for those who go in for riding.

The trousers are finished with a permanent turn-up, as the present fashion demands.

The Price is 40/-

The materials, of which a full range will be sent post free to every applicant, include

Scotch Tweeds, Blue Serges, and Saxony Materials.

That the suit will fit, is absolutely guaranteed by the tailors, no matter whether you are a London reader who can call to try it on when half-finished, or a provincial reader who cannot do so.

If the suit is not to your liking, your money will be returned in full, without argument or discussion.

The price, owing to the arrangements we have made, is only 40s.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling. Patterns & Self-measurement Form forwarded free.

J. & H. ELLIS,

THE FIRM WHO FITTED THE KING.

20, FARRINGDON ST., E.C.

(Close to Ludgate Circus),

To which address application for free patterns should also be made.

PAID AWAY TO CLIENTS

(On Speculative Accounts Only)

£373,270

(The Sign of the N.S.E. is the Size of the £ s. d.)

BY THE

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.

You may Remit as small a sum as

£6,

but your Profits may be absolutely unlimited.

We have paid away £373,270 to clients all over the country.

What we have done in the past we can do again!

We are recognised as the largest and financially the strongest Firm of Stock and Share Dealers in the United Kingdom, for the very good reason that we have done more for Clients than any other.

Other firms do not inform the public week by week what they have paid away to Clients, as we do. The amount at the head of this column does not stand still, for the figure increases substantially every week.

We address ourselves to you as practical business people when we point out that Clients make money. That is how we keep them. We only ask you to inquire into our methods of business, and we will explain to you all you wish to know. The points, the business advantages which we offer you, and by which we claim to do more for you than any other firm, are below.

NOTWITHSTANDING THE BUDGET,

Our terms remain the same.

Unlimited Profits. A Small Outlay.

Liability can be Limited to £6.

Cheque for Profits by Return Post. No Stamps or Fees.

No Commissions. Substantial Results.

The clients of the N.S.E. are practical business people. They have had cheques amounting to £373,270 sterling.

Are YOU Practical?

Do you wish to increase your income? Fill in and Post this Coupon and you will learn how £373,270 has been paid away.

APPLICATION FOR PARTICULARS.

TO THE SECRETARY,
NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE, Great Winchester St., London, E.C.

Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) full particulars of your methods and system of money-making, as well as a list of cheques totalling £373,270, which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque or batch of cheques that I may select.

M.M.
372.

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)
ADDRESS IN FULL .....
.....
(Please write distinctly.)
DATE .....

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EDUCATING THE CUSTOMER.

The shopkeeper or the manufacturer who would keep up sales to-day can no longer afford to set his window and retire into the back of his shop to await the customer like a spider waiting for a fly.

Shopkeepers have for some time past realised that they must, as the saying has it, "carry the war into the enemy's camp." Not that shopkeeper and customer are enemies by any means, but it is very necessary that a tradesman should incessantly carry on a campaign of enlightenment. He must, in short, educate the public, who are his possible customers, and by interesting whom he can alone make a living.

The enormous development of modern advertising has been almost solely devoted to this education of the public.

Advertising, except in isolated and old-fashioned instances, no longer consists of recording just the name of a commodity, whether it be beer, bread, ink, or boots.

A man may see the words "Brown's Boots" a hundred thousand times a day at every turn he takes, but beyond becoming painfully aware that such a man as Brown makes boots, he has no further interest in the matter.

What Brown to-day has to do is to make this same man curious about those much-advertised boots. From curiosity the man has to go on to look at them, and he will end by buying them.

Such instances of the old type of advertising are still too common, but every day sees a broader effort on the part of large firms essaying to put new life into advertising.

There is, for instance, the admirable work of a firm which makes embrocation. Now there are many sorts of embrocation on the market, and for a long time it was simply a case of who could shout the loudest.

This firm has gone one better. They have prepared and published a really attractive book on the subject of the horse and its ailments.

This book has been widely praised, and it is said that sergeant-majors of Cavalry regiments regard it as among the best books of its kind, it will be seen that sterling value and accuracy have been aimed at just as much as advertising the firm's embrocation.

The point is that the reader's interest was aroused by matter other than sheer advertisement. This indeed is the art of advertising.

The education of the customer does not end with silent advertisement, however. Every shopkeeper and shop assistant ought to be a living advertisement for the goods he wishes to sell.

No customer who shows an inclination to discuss processes of manufacture or to go into trade details concerning anything exposed for sale should ever be allowed to go without an effort to interest him further.

Even if he buys nothing, he has been advanced into a certain number of what are foolishly called "trade secrets," and when he wants another tie or another dozen ties he will most probably return to the shop where he first learned so much about them.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

DELIVERY OF SHARES.

On the question of delivery of shares I wish to amplify what I have already pointed out — that shares should be paid for only on delivery through your banker.

A client must accept delivery from his broker of a portion of the shares comprised in the contract note, or indemnify the broker for what he has paid for them. But if the client gives notice that he will not accept delivery after the time allowed by the rules of the Stock Exchange—ten days—and the broker should accept delivery after that time, the latter is not entitled to be indemnified by the client.

By the way, will correspondents kindly remember that the right time to make inquiries regarding a firm or a deal is before the deal, not after.

INDUSTRIAL INVESTMENTS.

The share market is at the present time in a very unsettled state, and the difficulty of the investor in finding a safe and profitable use for his money is naturally increased.

It is therefore more difficult for me to give advice in advance as to the more speculative investments, since by the time these lines reach my readers events may have taken a very different turn.

To those who have no special knowledge of the market, however, and are looking for safety as well as a good return on their money, I can give no better advice than to look out for a good industrial investment, and I need hardly say in this connection that readers will do well to keep something in reserve pending the announcement in our next issue of the flotation of THE MODERN MAN as a limited company.

ST. CECILE MUNICIPAL CASINO CO.—J. E. B. (Egremont).—I do not recommend an investment. You will see my answer to this effect to other correspondents in recent numbers.

GLASS PAPER.—T. L. (Dennistoun).—I am not in a position to advise you regarding the manufacture of glass paper, and I am quite ignorant on the subject. I would suggest that you address your inquiries to the editor of some trade paper on the subject.

ENDOWMENT POLICY.—R. McP. (Glasgow).—I would advise you to insure yourself, rather than invest or speculate (which are often interchangeable terms) with such sums as £5 or £10. The Prudential Insurance Co. is, in my opinion, the best you could go to, and you will be well-advised, seeing that apparently you cannot afford to lose money in speculating, to take out an endowment assurance policy. The terms you mention are very good, and would be a good investment.

MAIKOP AND EASTERN OIL CO.—G. H. L. (Exeter).—I would advise you to buy Maikop and Eastern Oil Shares. They are 2s. a share, 1s. paid, and are at the moment of writing quoted at 4½d.—7½d. premium. They are for special settlement, and I believe these Oils have a good future.

BUYING AND SELLING SHARES.—E. W. (Sheffield).—The books published giving particulars of buying and selling stocks and shares are rather expensive. You might find what you want in some of the financial newspapers.

R. C. M. (Maidenhead).—I should not advise you to buy as things are at present.

J. B. (Grantham).—Your shares will be worth more shortly.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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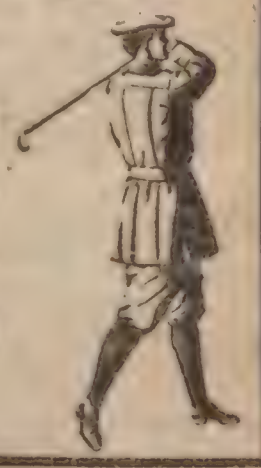

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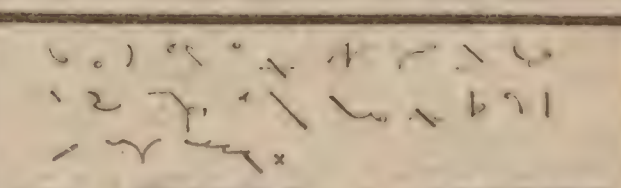

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Tom Burgess, Horseman

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

By J. F. JAMESON.

XII.
A PASSENGER TO PERDITION.

Corporal John Malling, on furlough, had definitely made his headquarters at the "Waggon and Horses."

The cheering matutinal smell of early breakfast coffee still hung about the stone-flagged passages of the ancient hostelry. A very small canary in a very big cage thrilled its salute to the sunlight. In the quaint sitting-room, Mr. John King stretched out his gaitered legs, fixed an expressionless blue eye on the ceiling and smoked the first and sweetest pipe of the day. Occasionally the gallant Corporal made observation anent the state of the country-side and commented on such things of no importance as entered his mind. At the door there came a knocking, and the trim apple-cheeked maid placed the paper before the host, who courteously passed it to his guest.

Corporal Malling looked down the column of Sporting Notes, folded up the paper decisively and leaned back in his chair.

"Well," said Mr. King somnolently, "What about the big race to-day? Racing ain't a thing that interests me much in these days, but I don't forget the Derby, and this here's Derby day, ain't it Corporal?"

"Bull's-eye first time, General," said the Corporal, "but it ain't any odds on Market Malbury's representative——"

"A two-to-one favourite," John King murmured with pride. "We've *hosses* here!"

"Gone out to fours——"

"Great Scott!" said Mr. John King.

"It's gospel. Fortune doesn't smile on Malbury—never did—and here's me gone and taken a new interest in the place, too! It's horribly disappointing. 'Taint often we have a locally-owned and locally-trained horse made favourite for the Derby. I was beginning to think that Malbury was going to become uncommonly famous, through Narborough. But no. Here we have it plain as day in the stop-press news that the only man who can ride the horse has been chucked off at exercise!"

John King favoured his guest with a decisive glance.

"Yet," said he, triumphantly, "I'm still sure that Narborough will run in the Derby!"

"Rot!" said Corporal Malling, with contempt. "Listen here, landlord." He picked up the paper again. "'We regret to report a message from Vatch's establishment at Market Malbury, which states that while "Colly" Keston was exercising Narborough this morning the horse took fright and, after heavily throwing its rider, bolted over the Heath. It is feared that "Colly" Keston, who is the only jockey who can do full justice to the Derby favourite, was so severely shaken that it is not likely he will be able to ride in the race at Epsom on Wednesday.' That's to-day, so how now, landlord? Yes, the price has gone out to fours again."

The landlord puffed reflectively.

"Might as well be forties if *that's* true, Corporal," said he. "Only one man can manage Narborough and that's 'Colly' Keston."

The Corporal laid down the paper.

"Look here," said he suddenly "You've got something up your sleeve. Confess it—smart. You see, I know the cock of your wise old eye. You have to read things like that in the Army."

"Not up my sleeve. Here—in my waistcoat pocket," said Mr. John King after three further puffs.

He looked at the clock which was on the tick of nine a.m. It had finished striking when Tom Burgess entered, and the three adjourned to the smoke-room.

"Burgess," said the landlord, "This little note says that you're to drive the closed brougham to Malbury Lodge for a gentleman—a well-known gentleman, though I've never seen him——"

"That's not Mr. Vatch, then," said Burgess, laughing, for Mr. Vatch, the hard-working local trainer who was not above "doing" his regulation couple of horses himself, was a popular and well-known figure at the "Waggon and Horses." The fine old gentleman always openly fancied his horses, which seldom if ever realised his expectations. Great things were expected of Narborough. If they were not realised—well—it would only be "old Vatch's luck again."

"No, it's not Mr. Vatch, Burgess," said John King. "His name's 'Colly' Keston, Corporal, and as plucky a lad as rides race-horses to-day!——"

"Keston going to ride after all?" exclaimed the Corporal. "Lordy, I'll bet some of the big bookies who are heavin' sighs of relief at his happily-timed accident *will* be disappointed. The B.P.'s fairly planked it down, they say, on Narborough, and I'll bet there isn't a groom in Leicestershire that hasn't his bob on, eh, Burgess?"

"Very likely not, Corporal," said Burgess, enigmatically.

"Well, 'Colly' Keston will try his best to get those bobs home," said Mr. King. "Why, it almost takes me back—oh a very long way. *too* long, in fact. . . . But this note, Corporal, makes it very plain. They told 'Colly' last night that he'd not be able to ride. That steadied him, Burgess. He pulled himself together like a shot, and—well, you've to drive him smart enough to Leicester to catch the ten train to London and thence to Epsom."

"Mr. Brahn bin in 'ere?" asked a horsey gentleman, appearing suddenly as from nowhere.

"No Mr. Browns about here," landlord, shortly.

"Thanks." The little man disap suddenly as he came.

The Corporal flew to the Malb window and thence to the door.

"Not a sign of the little devil," and ran up the creaking stairs.

"This note," said the landlord, ing, "is marked 'strictly private' closed brougham and all!"

The Corporal, who had been tak quick survey of the country from an up window, returned and flung himself in chair, breathlessly.

"Whatever it is," said he, "You that the employer of the gentlem quired for a fictitious Mr. Brown pretty well! I know that gentleman does all the shady layer's dirty jobs for consideration in the most light and airy possible. None of your kidnapping, and . nobblin' favourites about Fyles! Sort o' chap who'd kid Colonel that he was the bloomin' Prince Wales and discover he'd left his purse at back of the lion's ear in the Throne Room proceedin' to borrow his tram-fare promptly. Nice chap, Mr. Fyles, and a damn sight better actor than half the chaps long hair in London. Straight he is. Off, Burgess? P'r'aps I can give you a as you're in a hurry——"

"Thanks, Corporal," said Burgess an immediate exit.

The Corporal looked round cautiously fore following h'm.

"Mr. King," said he. "In the interes pure sport and fair play—to say nothin' of intention to get one back, if opportunity pre sents itself, on Mr. Fyles, who did it on me at Sandown one Military Meetin' when I very, very green—I'm goin' to recommend around Malbury Lodge with a hoss trap. You twig?"

"Absolutely!" said Mr. John King returned to his pipe and placidity. thing in my stable's at your disposal."

"Including a whip?" asked the Corporal looking

The landlord was sitting, into the past—days when he was multitude on the famous Downs young man came gaily in, looking a sporting younger son of a squire that thing else. He was thus quite up "Personal Par" descriptions in all the papers. His conversation was appropriately breezy.

"Mornin' Mr. King," he said, pulling his watch. "I find that 10 o'clock Local train has been altered to 9.45. hopped up here smart with my bag Nuisance, my accident, wasn't it? I ought to have been at Epsom riding borough this morning. He'll be short morning spin, anyhow—but you can those beautiful gaiters of yours on him. K. Buck up your man, will you? he is——"

Burgess entered in the official co his calling.

"This is Mr. Keston," said the

"Box will do for me!" said the and cheery young man lightly, and his portmanteau he was up beside in a trice.

"Gee up!" said Burgess brightly, "fare's" spirits were infectious, and enough they bowled away, Burgess pardonably proud of driving a young whose bag was labelled with the large "C. Keston, passenger to Epsom." that the honour of driving the Derby ourite's jockey was not a thing that most men.

"Brougham pretty light?" suddenly.

"Very," said Burgess,

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'As your pockets, I suppose," said the ...g man pleasantly.
"That's my business," said Burgess, with ...

"Don't get your rag out," pursued the young ...leman pleasantly. "I presumed that, like ... of Leicestershire, you'd got your little ...h way on Narborough. We haven't got ... to drive, so we may as well be pals."
Burgess smothered a pert remark and en...voured to remember that this was the ...ky man who, having been badly thrown, ... yet the nerve to ride an admittedly "diffi... horse in the Derby that day.
They drove on in silence for a quarter of an ...r between the generously-brambled hedges ... the prettiest country around Leicester. ...ral times the "fare," leaning back, ...ned to listen as for the sound of a vehicle ...ind him.
He pulled out his watch.
"Loads of time," he said, critically. "We ... take it easy. Mind me driving?"
It is not in the heart of any groom-born of ...en to refuse the pilot of a Derby runner ... handling of the ribbons, any more than a ...anry recruit would deny a bemedallioned ...or a trial of his horse.
They pulled up and exchanged seats. . .
...nd there was already a measured trot, ...ely and far-reaching, that Burgess somehow ...ght he knew. Who had Smallmouth out—...llmouth whom he had left in the stable ...ing oats?
...e," however, was already grasp... ... reins. Seizing the whip he sent it ...king over the brown's quarters.
"What the dev——" began Burgess, sur... ... beyond measure.
"Don't swear. Talk straight," said the ... in a changed tone. "Did that Lancer ... in the bar ever mention to you a San... Grand Military meeting——"
"Where he was done for his watch? He ... said Burgess, fiercely. "And I be... that——"
"That's the man, then!" said the driver, ... the brown on to greater efforts.
"I thought there was loads of time for the ... you said——"
"... there is." The young man smiled ...ly. "What a lot of dunderheads you ... are. A few months round the courses ... do you more good than a little. You'd ...ated——" He threw an anxious glance ... him. "Did he ever tell you of ... Fyles? As he's gaining on us I may ... introduce myself and save him the ... of going through the ceremony. *I'm* ... Fyles."

. . . Don't attempt to grab the ... for, besides probably pullin' us into the ... you'll reduce me to the painful neces... ... flingin' a decent, but thick-headed, ... into the road—a thing I don't want to ... Oh, yes, I'm 'Crafty' Fyles, but I've ... on the inside of a dock yet and don't ... There are more things (*please* don't ... any more grabs for those reins) in heaven ... earth than are dreamt of in your ...hy. . . . (Get along there, old hoss, ... (!) And now, young man, we know ... other!"
"... I don't see why——"
"Of course not. Blinder than an owl, you ... Well, that damned Lancer man's ap... ...chin' now and time's short. Without goin' ... details, let it suffice to say (damn this ...orse for a slow coach) that it is not to cer... ... gentlemen's very considerable interests ... favourite should win this Derby. ... well (by George, but this steed would ... black a self-respectin' tortoise!), as ... knows, young 'Colly'—nicer chap ...ipped—is the only man who can cope ...borough's temper. The horse would ... the tight-rope for him.
Therefore, you may be able to see (don't keep twitchin' those hands. I've got a heavy knobby little thing here which I consider it ungentlemanly to use) that if 'Colly' could be removed temporarily all would be well, as not another jockey would go near him, apart from the fact that all the good 'uns are engaged in the race already.
"What does 'Crafty' Fyles do on receipt of certain instructions? Does he try the ancient wheeze of nobbling the favourite. Oh, dear no. Stale, and dire penalties attached into the bargain. The same remark applies to the limelight dodge of pinching the jockey.
"But you will observe nothin' can touch him, in Law, for liberatin' a captured blackbird out of a hedge at the right moment—a thing, however, that a thoroughbred of Narborough's stamp particularly detests. Result you read in the papers this mornin'.
"But 'Colly,' a plucked 'un, spoils the lay by doing the dramatic determination-to-ride-at-any-cost act. Hangin' round I hear that he is to be driven to the station in the 'Waggon and Horses' closed brougham, so as not to excite the curious. Twig? The only chance, therefore, is to pinch the brougham. With a little actin' that a child could have seen through, it's done. Here's the brougham! In ten minutes the train will have gone, and the favourite's jockey will simply have *missed* it. Quite effective, but where can they touch 'Crafty' Fyles? Oh—Hell!"
Mr. Fyles turned round to see that in the fast-approaching trap were the Corporal and a broadly-smiling, although rather pale, "Colly" Keston.
"Wait till I catch you!" roared the Corporal, in stentorian tones.
"Noser!" cried Mr. Fyles, gaily. "Never to you, old gold-English-lever-with-clock-movement; never to you!"
Lightly enough he flung the reins to Burgess and grasped his portmanteau.
"'Colly'!" he shouted, "here's a label for you all ready, 'C. Keston, passenger to Epsom'!"
It fluttered in the air as the trap passed in a cloud of dust.
"As for me," he said, a little sadly to Burgess, "I'm a passenger to—Perdition!"
He hopped nimbly down as the exhausted horse plodded on, dived into some swaying gorse with his portmanteau, and was lost to view.
Burgess, grasping the reins limply, roared with laughter.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*
EDITOR.]

WHEN LIFTING HEAVY-WEIGHTS.

In the gaily-lighted music-hall, to the strains of a lively martial air, a man in fleshings and a leopard-skin, and with his feet and legs in the conventional buskins, raises and lowers a bar-bell of fearsome ponderosity with a regularity that is monotonous.
Applause rings throughout the crowded house, so vociferous that even after the curtain has been lowered and the numbers go up for the next turn, the "strong man" has perforce to come once more before the footlights and bow his acknowledgments.
But here and there among the vast audience there is somebody who knows the sword of Damocles that hangs over every professional weight-lifter's head—somebody who, far from enjoying such performances, is more than a little sickened by them. He knows that some day the hero of the minute will raise a heavy weight for the last time, a sharp pain will run through him, and he will be ruptured—ruined for life.
And, apropos of this subject, a little hint to our readers may not be out of place. If you are compelled at any time to lift a heavy weight, don't forget to keep your feet and legs well together. In this way, the danger of injury will be considerably lessened.

A MOUNTAINEERING EXPERIENCE.

I had always considered myself heartwhole and proof against the most seductive attractions of the gentler sex. I was devoted to athletics and every kind of sport demanding virility and daring, and looked upon a young man who succumbed to feminine charms, however alluring, as—well, not quite my idea of a man.
Yet it was my very devotion to athletic pursuits that eventually proved my undoing, so far as my freedom from Cupid's entanglements was concerned.
I had made up my mind to take a holiday in the Spring, before all the world and his wife were swarming over the countryside and crowding into holiday resorts, and to make assurance doubly sure that I would secure a holiday after my own heart, away from the crowd, I cycled to an old-world village in the Scottish Highlands.
There was only one house in the village capable of accommodating visitors, and here I secured a room. I arrived late in the evening, and it was not until the morning that I found I was not the only visitor. Opposite to me at the breakfast-table sat a matron of uncertain age, and by her side a young girl of about nineteen. Between her spoonfuls of porridge she looked up at me shyly, and before the meal was over I was dangerously interested in the maid.
For several days we saw but little of each other, except at meals, for I was about on my bicycle most of the time, enjoying the mountain scenery. It was after one of these outings that I returned to the old hostelry, to find everyone in a state of apprehension and fear.
I gathered, from the excited ramblings of the good wife and the servants, that the young lady who had attracted my notice a day or two before had gone out early in the morning with the idea of climbing one of the mountain heights, and, though it was then approaching evening, had not yet returned. Her aunt, as the middle-aged lady proved to be, was in terror lest her charge had fallen into danger, and was appealing to everybody to go and search for her niece.
As soon as I entered the house, the dear lady caught sight of me, and at once besought me to go up into the mountain to look for the girl.
I must confess that I did not need much persuasion. I knew just about where the girl was to be found, and the only question in my mind was as to whether any bicycle could stand the strain of those mountain roads. My machine was a Three-Speed Sunbeam, and I knew that if anything could do it, the Sunbeam could.
I started out, with the blessings of the old lady ringing in my ears. At first, the road was easy enough, and I had no doubt about my ability to get to the summit. As the steepness of the road increased, however, I was very glad to drop down on to the low gear, and though there was a fairly high wind blowing, I felt no inconvenience from it. Presently it came on to rain, and I began to feel anxious for the poor girl there on the mountain without shelter.
I was just turning a hairpin corner when I heard a cry behind me, and turning, beheld the object of my search, looking very much bedraggled, standing at the entrance to a natural cavern in the hillside. She was very surprised to learn that her *chaperon* was anxious about her, as is the way of women; but, nevertheless, was delighted to see me. I may say that we did not hurry back—in fact, waited until darkness had fallen and the clouds had given place to a sparkling starlit sky.
Perhaps I can cut a long story short by saying straight away that the dear little lady has since become my wife, and that we now take our holidays awheel together.
We always ride "Sunbeams," for I cannot forget that it was a "Sunbeam" that first took me to the dear girl who is now my wife, and without a "Sunbeam" I am quite sure I could never have surmounted those hills, nor would it have been possible for her to ride down on the step, as she did. Further, as it was an All-Black "Sunbeam," all the cleaning that was necessary when we got home was done in two minutes.

"LUMBERERS."

I do not mean the hardy backwoodsman of Canada or the States, but the "lumberer" of the racecourse, the benevolent gentleman who is so anxious to put you on a "good thing," and, above all, to invest your money.

The knowing reader, of course, will exclaim that only flats or fly-flats are taken in by the "lumberer."

His usual game is to introduce himself to you by borrowing your pencil or asking some casual or civil question. He goes on chatting, and presently throws his first "fly." Very often he affects the dress and pose of an ex-jockey, and presently he will remark sentimentally, "Ah, it's a long day since I had a leg in the saddle, sir, but when I was riding for Lord——, that was before my accident, sir, I——&c."

If you "rise" he will play you for a little while, and then remark he must be off, for Cornbill, the trainer, or Flashboy, the celebrated jockey, has promised him the straight tip for the next race, but he has taken a liking to you and he'll see you when he returns.

And he does see you, and if you are fairly hooked you will give him your money to invest for you on a sure thing.

You will never see your money again. If by some miraculous chance the horse does win, the "lumberer" has either vanished, or there was some hitch with the bookie. When the horse loses he is crestfallen until he has seen Cornbill or Flashboy, when he returns with the information that the sure thing was left at the post, was shut in, or would have won but for some plausible reason.

Thousands of men are wandering about homeless and without boots through listening to the lumberer's seductive story.

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This may sound too good to be true, but it is a fact, and I will make a present of £10 to every patient I undertake to cure if I fail to do so. There is no catch or trickery about this offer. An absolute cure for the Great White Plague has been found and I—the discoverer—am offering it to those unfortunately afflicted.

If you have any symptoms of this terrible disease write to me at once, never mind if you cannot afford to pay me a single penny, for I am going to prove that my discovery is a positive cure for Consumption, no matter what it costs, and if you are too poor to pay me, all you have to do is to get your local doctor to watch the speedy recovery you will most probably make, and you get the treatment specially suitable for your case free of all charge. I am only doing this to convince the Medical Profession that the long-sought-for cure has been found.

I am an Englishman of English descent, though many years of my life have been spent in Africa, and whilst in a very remote part of this big Continent I came across—quite by accident—the clue which enabled me to give to the world one of Nature's most valuable secrets, that has and is still granting a new lease of life to so many sufferers.

Even if you wish to pay me I do not ask for any deposit or wish any payment whatever until you are perfectly satisfied you are being cured.

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GARDEN NOTES

So much attention is now required by the remainder of the garden that one is apt to overlook the demands of the lawn, to which, even if it is a mere grass plot, many a garden owes a great part of its charm, and which has more effect than anything else on the neatness or otherwise of the whole.

A lawn that has been in existence for several years will need little more than mowing and rolling once a week, or perhaps less often, but a newer lawn needs more attention. If it has had a top dressing of manure through the winter, the remains of this will have to be removed by a good sweeping.

If the grass has grown to any length it should be scythed before the machine is taken over it. If the first mowing has not already taken place no time should be lost.

* * * * * *

Before much rolling is done the lawn should be well beaten, especially if it is newly turfed. Even lawns of several years' standing are much improved by a good beating with an instrument which is easily made at home. It may be made with a flat block of wood about eighteen inches by twelve and two or three inches thick, into which a broom-handle is stuck at an angle of 45° or so.

If no such block of wood is available, it can easily be constructed of a number of pieces of board nailed together to the required thickness and weight, a hole being drilled through them all with a brace in a standing direction and the broomstick fixed in with a nail or two.

* * * * * * *

It is a popular superstition that a privet hedge poisons the ground. This is not so; but, nevertheless, it is extremely difficult to get anything to grow close to a privet hedge, for the simple reason that the shrub is of such a hungry nature that the roots absorb all the nutriment from the soil as far as they can reach, and leave none for anything else.

However, it will often be possible to get perennials or bulbs to grow within a foot or so of the hedge by cutting its roots with a sharp spade, which can be done without injuring the hedge. A little manure should then be put in to restore the richness of the soil.

* * * * * * *

Polyanthus, auriculas, and primroses, if they are to be transplanted, should be moved this week at the latest.

If the seed of the two former be saved, it will probably come in very useful next year, when fresh plants can be raised in boxes.

If seed is not required, however, be careful to nip off all the heads before the seed pod has time to form.

This should be done with all flowering plants when they are not particularly desired to run to seed. Otherwise their flowering season will be considerably shortened, and such flowers as they do bear will be very small and poor.

The true gardener will always prefer quality to quantity, and will never object to sacrificing even a bud or two to secure better results in the flowers that remain.

C. B. STAINER.

ALL FOR A WIFE.

As the crowded suburban train st... ot Waterloo a tall, soldierly-looki... scrambled into a first-class carriage.

"Thought I missed it!" he said, fa... ing, as he sat down and took out an eve... paper, nodding to two men he knew; then there was silence until two alighted at Richmond.

"You're early, Clive," said the man the grey hair who was sitting in the corn...

"Yes," replied Mr. Clive. "I like to down early when I can, especially now evenings are getting light. I promi... for this train to-night, so that I c... the wife and her mother motorin... dinner. By the way, could you and Weston come over this evening, and some music?" This to the grey-haired "And you, too, Harrison?" Both men cepted, and the talk went on, mainly golf and their gardens. At a pretty station the three men separated.

was walking briskly towards his h... he met a venerable looking old followed by a collie. He stopped to to the old chap, who was a shepherd.

"Fine day we've had, Giles," he said he was going on again.

"Aye, sir, and it's settled, too. my little barometer here!" And dicated a bunch of greenery, starred tiny red flowers pinned in front of his frock. Mr. Clive resumed his stopped suddenly. A look of horror over his face. He clutched his brow.

"Ye gods!" he cried. "And I go home without them!" So raced back to the quiet station gaily in the golden beam of the sun. Everything spoke of peace tentment of rest after the toil of But to the man running as if for quiet evening sounds had only terror.

"If I should be too late!" he breathlessly. As he panted into ing office of the station a train steamed in.

"Thank Heaven!" he said to he sank exhausted into a seat. back with closed eyes, and neither nor spoke till the tram pulled its length into Waterloo. He jumped fore it stopped, and sprang into a called the address of his office and promised him double fare The driver earned it.

Arrived at the office, Mr. Clive the stairs, and with trembling hands the private door of his office. A lying on the table. He glanced at was untouched, seized it in his arms, quickly down the stairs. He told cabman to take him back to W... after paying the promised double managed to scramble into a move again. He reached home in time dinner, and apologised to his wife mother for not having kept his ap... for the promised motor ride.

"The fact is, I did get down here but coming up from the station I rem... —I met old Giles, who was wea... of scarlet pimpernels, which remin... I had left the parcel of the last in Greening's Shilling Series, which me to get at the bookseller's, and I face you both without them, and was afraid they might be stolen, went back to town for them!"

"Poor old boy!" said his wife, his hair. "How sweet of you to trouble! But, darling, while you it, I wish you had brought me volume in their 'Lotus Library,' *particularly* wanted!"

BRIEF REPLIES.

(Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.)

G. W. C. (Nottingham).—Every line worth printing is worth paying for. THE MODERN MAN invariably acts on this principle.

O. F. (Cheadle, Hulme).—Long letter very welcome.

E. E. L. (Duars, India).—Many thanks for your letter and for all you are doing for THE MODERN MAN. Hope your friend will after all turn out a real sportsman.

R. H. S. (Woolwich).—You will find all League members the best of good fellows. Many thanks for kind wishes.

C. W. (Camberwell) wants to find extra evening work to help him to save money. He is only twenty-one, and would be doing far better by improving himself in his present work. If this offers no prospect he should try insurance canvassing; but let him avoid envelope addressing and all advertised home employment schemes.

A. G. H. (Bristol).—You can darken the very light brown sheepskin leggings by using a darker leather ball in cleaning them.

L. H. H. (Pendleton).—You cannot join Regulars or Territorials for short periods of a few months. Why not give yourself a course of physical training according to the weekly directions in THE MODERN MAN?

S. F. G. (Catford).—You should try to get a place as junior reporter on a weekly paper in order to gain experience. Advertisements of this kind appear in the "Daily News."

A. L. (Hereford).—There are several "corn cures" advertised. They cure—temporarily. The real cure is to get boots that do not rub your toe. Your nervousness before a race can only be overcome by your own will. Perhaps more experience of racing will find you at the post cool and steady.

T. C. (Middleton).—Follow your doctor's advice. Try and take regular but not exhausting exercise, and eat simple food. Do not get downhearted. That helps disease to knock you over.

C. A. C. (106, Bradford Road North, Huddersfield) wishes to meet a League member who likes walking and who would be willing to do from 20 to 35 miles a day.

A. E. KING (51, Hardcastle Street, Peckham, S.E.) wishes to meet a reader about his own age (23) who is interested in farming and is a cyclist.

F. M. (Bradford).—Though we do not guarantee any advertisement, we know nothing against any firm advertising in THE MODERN MAN.

G. F. (Shanghai).—Glad to learn that THE MODERN MAN is in such demand in the Far East as a welcome link with home.

C. G. K. (Brighton).—A boatman ought to be glad to give you an hour's coaching in the art of fishing for half a crown. If you chat with a fisherman and lead him on to talk of his work you may learn just as much—for nothing. In default of fuller information we must blame the fish for your bad luck!

S. S. A. (Aberdeen).—In a local directory you will find names of Glasgow Patent Agents. A little inquiry among friends there would probably help you to find the right man. It is a complicated and rather expensive matter to patent an invention. But why not employ an Aberdeen agent?

F. R. CALDECOTT (50, Clare Road, Fordsburg, Johannesburg S.A.) is willing to correspond with League members at home. Such letters as his are never a "bother," as he modestly suggests.

H. H. (Preston).—Pittsburg might suit you, but you had better write to the Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31, The Broadway, Westminster.

M. E. H. (Watford).—Without a watch-chain there is always the possibility that your watch will fall out. It may fall out when you wear a chain, but it will not fall to the ground.

H. F. (Warwick).—Do not give up the open window and raised blind. Move your bed so that you do not face the early sun, and you will sleep later.

R. M. R. (Ealing).—Now that the nights are, or ought soon to be, very warm, the candle as a bicycle light is apt to get soft and to melt away. Carry a small oil lamp. The law only compels you to carry a light for six hours of the twenty-four at this time of year.

F. W. (Fulham).—What is our meat may be your poison, so we had better not advise you as to diet. Healthy men eat practically anything. The great point is to masticate everything very thoroughly. Stomachs are not chaff-cutters or bone-crushers.

J. J. (Winchester).—An excellent method of snaring rabbits is to ——, but consult a local poacher. He will know.

H. S. T. (Hereford).—You may carry a gun for a yearly licence of 10s. If caught doing so without a licence you are liable to a fine of £10.

L. H. H. (Ramsgate).—No man should leave the matter of insuring his life until after he is married. The office you mention is a good one. The amount of the policy can always be increased with your increasing prosperity. Do not saddle yourself with too heavy a premium at first.

E. H. (Chorley).—Do not try to overhaul your banjo. In all such things an expert's knowledge and skill are worth paying for.

V. COWPER ("Belmoredean," West Grinstead, near Horsham, Sussex) wants a sporting pal.

O. H. (Doncaster).—A reliable book on physiognomy has yet to be published. It is from much experience and close observation that you learn to read people's characters from their faces; you can't learn the art from books.

H. J. H. (North Kensington) and **G. J. T.** (Cardigan).—We are always happy to forward letters to correspondents, but we never disclose their addresses without their consent.

A. C. GLOVER (12, Eleanor Road, Stratford, E.) wants a companion for a walking tour on the South Coast.

YOU CAN DRESS WELL ON 5/- MONTHLY

OUR easy payment terms allow you to dress well in good hard-wearing, well-fashioned and tailor-made suits for the small sum of 5/- monthly, which you pay privately by post. Our suits are cut to your own measurements, guaranteed good cloth, good fit, good style—every bit good—good lining, good buttons and finish—Suits which make you feel comfortable and well-dressed. Prices 34/6, etc. (5/- monthly). **A selection of 36 patterns, fashion-plate, and self-measurement form free. Write to-day and ask for FREE PATTERNS.**

Ladies' Costumes from 25/- (4/- monthly). Patterns FREE.

BOOTS ON EASY TERMS

Fine Box Calf, Jockey Back, Straight Cap, etc., 12/3 cash, or 13/6 Easy Terms. Send 2/6 with size. Tan Willow, 17/6. Boot List Free.

MASTERS, LTD., 85, HOPE STORES, RYE, SUSSEX.

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The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

ROYAL MOURNING.

There are many men who, at the moment of writing, are in some doubt as to the most fitting way of showing by an outward and visible sign their grief at the loss of their late Sovereign.

The dramatic suddenness of King Edward's death found most of us quite unprepared, and it was almost a touching sight on the very morning after his death to see many men wearing black evening-dress bow ties. They had no other black tie handy, for to many men the sombre black is too reminiscent of mourning to be an acceptable form of neckwear in the ordinary course of events.

But they were determined to do what they could to mark their sorrow and respect for their dead King.

The sad event, however, will be many days past by the time these lines appear in print, and some men may be in doubt as to the correct period of mourning and the most suitable means of showing their sense of the national grief.

For those who are in any way connected with the Court there are, of course, definite rules prescribed by order of the King, and full black is worn by the men for twelve months.

The Army, too, has been ordered by the Army Council to go into mourning for six months, during which time officers and warrant officers will wear a crape band on the left arm, and colours, drums, and trumpets will be draped.

For the general public, however, there is no such definite order. Their mourning is purely complimentary, and is therefore largely a matter of personal taste, although one naturally wishes to observe, as far as possible, the same unwritten rules as other people.

The Earl Marshal's first official order merely bade us to wear "decent mourning," and mentioned only the commencing date—May 12th—without reference to the time for which it is to be worn.

After the first few days the tie is the only part of the attire that need be actually of black, though one will naturally avoid light colours as far as possible in the rest of one's clothes.

The man who has a light overcoat, or even a light suit, that he cannot very well lay aside for the time being, will do well to have a band of black cloth sewn on the left arm; but provided that a black tie is worn, dark blue or grey suits will be quite correct without any such additional mark of mourning.

It is best to wear only black boots, and gloves of dark grey or white chamois leather are preferable to those of brown or other shades.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that a white bow tie remains the correct thing for evening-dress wear.

The period of mourning ordained by the Earl Marshal's second order ends on the 29th of July. But from June 17th until that date half mourning is to be worn. For a man, a black or black-and-white tie will be sufficient.

BRAID TIES.

There are, no doubt, many who have found that their stock of black ties, even if they are not entirely without them, is lamentably deficient. It may be useful to them if I repeat now a tip which I have mentioned before in this page, which is that an excellent tie can be procured by getting a yard or a yard and a quarter of so-called military braid from a draper.

It can be obtained in all widths, from two to three inches being most suitable. The braid is, naturally, not shaped at the back, so that it will require to be doubled in the centre.

For the same reason, of course, it can only be worn with a double collar, but it makes a splendid knot, and the material bears a considerable resemblance to knitted silk.

The cost of the material is from about fourpence a yard according to the width, so that there is a considerable saving as opposed to the cost of a silk tie.

These braid ties can also be got in any plain self colour and have a smart appearance which should recommend them apart from considerations of economy.

Some men are wearing purple ties since that colour is prescribed for Royal mourning. But it is only correct for the draping of buildings and not for personal wear.

VEST SLIPS AND MOURNING.

The white vest slip comes as a boon and a blessing to the man in mourning, for it provides a relief from the sombreness of black, especially for those who work in cities and whose tie is usually the only relief from the blackness of their coat and waistcoat.

The vest slip is especially suitable for wear with an "Ascot" or "Hopetoun" scarf, which is tied so as practically to fill the opening of the waistcoat.

With a "sailor's knot" the white shirt front shows at each side of the knot and seems to provide sufficient relief, but with the full scarf the slip is needed to define the opening of the waistcoat.

The Latest Fashions.

FULL MORNING DRESS.

- LOUNGE SUIT, with jacket and waistcoat shaped to waist and with medium-sized openings.
- FANCY WAISTCOAT, if desired. These are growing less popular except in hot weather.
- COLOURED OR WHITE SOFT SHIRT.
- DOUBLE COLLAR.
- SUÈDE OR CHAMOIS GLOVES.
- BROWN OR BLACK LACE BOOTS.
- BOWLER OR STRAW HAT.

INFORMAL MORNING DRESS.

- BLACK OR DARK GREY MORNING COAT OR FROCK COAT.
- GREY OR WHITE FANCY WAISTCOAT, if desired.
- CASHMERE TROUSERS (not turned up).
- SILK HAT.
- STARCHED WHITE SHIRT.
- BLACK BUTTON BOOTS (glacé kid or patent leather).
- WING COLLAR.
- BLACK AND WHITE OR GREY TIE.

FULL EVENING DRESS.

- DRESS COAT AND TROUSERS.
- BLACK OR WHITE EVENING WAISTCOAT (with pointed opening and long points).
- WHITE SHIRT (with plain starched front and cuffs).
- WING COLLAR.
- WHITE BOW TIE.
- SILK OR OPERA HAT.
- CLOSE-FITTING FROCK OVERCOAT.
- PUMPS OR PATENT LEATHER BOOTS.
- BLACK SOCKS (plain or embroidered).

INFORMAL EVENING DRESS.

(To be worn only when ladies are not present.)

- DINNER JACKET (cut like a lounge jacket with a slit at the back).
- BLACK EVENING WAISTCOAT AND TROUSERS.
- WHITE SHIRT (plain or pleated).
- WING COLLAR.
- BLACK BOW TIE.
- PUMPS or PATENT LEATHER BOOTS.

A CAPITAL

25/- SPORTING COAT

Invaluable for walking, cycling, shooting, riding, and all outdoor sports. This coat is fitted with a reversed box-pleat up the back, to allow freedom of shoulder movement. It is fitted with a belt at back with two buttons, so that it can be tightened at the desire of the wearer. Large patch pockets. Horn or leather buttons.

Materials:
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An accurate fit is guaranteed. Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.
J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Set Tailors,
20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.
Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

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All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.
In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

few superior coat-hangers to clear, highly polished, 9d. post free; usual price, 1s. 9d.—Box 2249, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

othe yourself on the Instalment System. Suits cut by experts, prices from 42s., instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from the Good Wear Co. (Dept. 35), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

ock coat, in splendid condition, fit man about 5ft. 7in.; 10s. 6d., a bargain.—Box 2183, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

atterns free to any address of our celebrated Yorkshire suit lengths; splendid value; send postcard now.—Dept. H., 769, Little Horton Lane, Bradford.

inner jacket suit, £2, silk lined, hand made, silk collar, fit man 35 chest, 31½ leg, practically new.—Box 2245, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

anted, good golfing jacket, 5ft. 6in. man, 38 chest. —Box 2246, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

uit, dark green, fashionably cut, two pairs trousers, one pair turn-up bottoms, other ordinary, suit slim man 5ft. 2ins., scarcely worn. Cost £4 10s., take £2 10s., or nearest offer.—Box 2240, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

anted, waders, boots and trout net or any other angling sundries, good condition, cheap.—Box 2248, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

oxing gloves, set of 4, best make, as new, 8s.—Box 2192, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

ill exchange Sandow's dumb-bells and boxing gloves (new) for camera or fishing rod.—Box 2242, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

erry's spring developer and chart, pair boot trees (8); exchange for clothing.—Box 2243, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DIGS.

anted, digs for three, with opportunity for good rough fishing, shooting, and boating, if possible, during beginning of July.—Terms, etc., Box 2247, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS, CYCLES, AND ACCESSORIES

anted, motor tyre, 860 by 65, beaded edge.—Box 2250, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

anted, motor cycle, good condition; exchange splendid pedal bicycle, just been done up, and Caligraph typewriter, in good condition.—Box 2251, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

¾ Rex engine, 55s.; free engine clutch, adjustable pulley, £1.—Box 2252, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SADDLERY.

anted, harness, &c., in exchange for Melbophone, new, and 22 records; cost over £7.—Box 2253, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

anted, complete set of harness, fit cob 14 hands; on approval; state price.—Box 2254, "The Modern Man," 21 Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

Trade Bad? Let me be your Business Doctor. No matter what your trade may be, I will write up business-compelling advertisements. One of London's most successful copy writers.—Write, "Success," Box 2271, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Chow bitch (black), pure bred, guaranteed sound and healthy, faithful; £5 or offer; fit for show.—Box 2241, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Cornet. Wanted, pocket cornet in exchange for B flat silver plated cornet, in case, by Distin, fine tone, first class condition.—Box 2256, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, to purchase, concertina, English, 48 keys, concert pitch, steel reeds, by good maker, in case. State lowest price and particulars to Box 2257, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, music for duet and English concertinas.—Box 2258, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Young Man, 21, tall, wants situation as footman or groom; or would like to learn motor driving; references and photo if required.—Box 2244, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 20.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Good selling lines and novelties wanted for mail order and agent's canvassing business.—Box 2171, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Will some "Modern Man" oblige me with fresh start in life? Excellent business prospects. Loan promptly repaid.—H. H., 37, Lillie Road, London, S.W.

Provident, £300, with profits department, £28 12s. paid, bonus allotments to date £4 14s. Offers. —Box 2259, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£5,000 British Homes certificate, £55 paid; accept £27 10s.—Box 2260, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, £50 loan for about 2 years. Will pay good interest; repayments quarterly; private lender preferred.—Box 2261, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Wanted, pocket camera, ¼ plates; exchange lantern and slides, or stand camera.—Box 2262, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, camera, ¼ or ½ plate, and accessories. Will exchange good violin, bow, and case.—Box 2263, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£5 5s. Kodak, *f*/4, plates or films, 3 double dark slides as new, £2 2s.—Box 2264, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Pimples, blackheads, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed cure, recipe 1s. (postal order). Why pay pounds for useless quack remedies when you can have a certain cure and know what you are taking; warranted.—Whyte's Publishing Company, 107, Donegall Street, Belfast.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 2071, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Dr. Carter's Liniment or Embrocation speedily relieves deep-seated Inflammation, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Sciatica, Chronic Glandular Enlargements, and Affections of the Joints. Cures Sprains and Paralytic Numbness. An invaluable preparation for Athletes as a Muscle Stimulant. Removes Stiffness. Shake well and rub affected parts. 2s. 9d. size, P.O. 1s., post free. Sole manufacturers, Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea, S.W. British made.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 1810, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Beautifully-carved solid Spanish mahogany sideboard, 7ft. long, in perfect condition. Can be seen at private residence. Seventy years old. Cost £80, will take £35.—Box 2270, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"Matrimonial Circle."—Great success of this journal, conducted on straightforward principles. Golden opportunities to those desiring matrimony; 6d., post free, sealed wrapper.—Editor, 18, Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert, 1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—N. A. J., 16, Caldecot Road, Denmark Hill, London.

Several hundred assorted pictorial postcards to clear, comics, views, and actresses, &c.; 1s. 6d. per 100, post free.—Box 2143, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Astrology.—Two Years' events, The Planets' Influence on Destiny, Marriage, &c. Send birth date, with 1s. order.—Prof. Mercury, L. K., Llandaff, Glam.

Thermos Table Jug, nickel-plated, cost 31s. 6d., accept 21s.; also Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; both quite new, never been used.—Box 2265, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor-street, London, E.C.

Look here. "Wrestling," "Handcuff Mystery," "40 Card Tricks," "81 Electrical Tricks," "Book of Magic," "Thought Reading," "67 Amusing Tricks," 3d. each, lot 1s. 2d.—M. Thompson-Hughes, Coventry.

Astrology, coming events, marriage, business, speculations, etc. My information will surprise you. Birthtime required. Fee 1s.—Ball, 32, Broadway, Kettering, Est. 30 years.

Agents wanted in every town and village to sell our real lever simulation gold watches. Send 3s. 6d. P.O. to-day for sample watch.—N. A. J., 16, Caldecot Road, Denmark Hill, London.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.

Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.

Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles' range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

15S. 6D. (Worth £6 6s.)—Powerful Binocular Field Glasses, 10-lens Magnification Power; brilliant definition; 60 miles' range; great depth of focus; large field of view, adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy, in brown saddler-made sling case. Sacrifice 15s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Military Binocular (by Lumiere), £8 8s. pair; achromatic; extra powerful; fitted with 12 finest quality crystal lenses and extending sunshades; over 60 miles' range, name of ship can be distinctly read 5 miles from shore; very clear definition; solid leather sling case; sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

SPECIAL "MODERN MAN" OFFER!

MAY 28.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells on FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each—equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

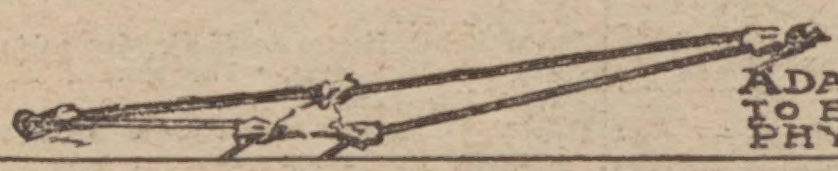
		Suitable for age
Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	...12/6	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	...10/6	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	...10/6	16 upwards.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.



"HEALTH & STRENGTH" EXERCISER & DEVELOPER

NOW is Your Opportunity!

No matter what your position is you can by means of very easy payments be the immediate owner of the now world-famous "Health & Strength" Developer.

The following is the plan on which the Exerciser is supplied:—There are two strengths—Ordinary & Athletes'. On receipt of 2/6 and a promise to pay three monthly payments of 2/3, the Ordinary Strength Developer will be sent by return of post. (*See Coupon*). For Athletes' Strength a first payment of 3/- and a promise to pay three monthly payments of 2/9 and the Developer will be sent at once. (*See Coupon.*)

Some FACTS about the "Health & Strength" Developer.

(1) It is entirely free from complication, being a single strand of India-rubber.
(2) It can be used as a Wrist-Grip Machine, Chest Expander, Weight-lifter, and Ordinary Developer.
(3) An advantage of this machine is that the user is not only exercising by pulling against the rubber, but also against his own muscles as well.
(4) It is so fitted that it may be used by members of both sexes as well as children with equal facility.
(5) The "H. & S." Developer has been specially designed by the Editor of "Health & Strength," and completely does away with all the objections offered to the ordinary Exerciser of this kind.

Specially recommended to Boxers by Young Josephs, Gunner Moir, and many other famous champions.

W. BROADFIELD, Eastleigh, Hants, writes: "I received the Developer quite safely and am very pleased with it."

MAURICE LANGHAM, Hulme, Manchester, writes:—"I am very pleased and quite satisfied with the Developer and its results which have been most gratifying. I will recommend the same to all my friends."

W. R. PEACOCK, Pentonville Road, King's Cross:—"Developer to hand. I am perfectly satisfied with it and thank you for your prompt attention."

Hundreds of other testimonials have been received.

Each Exerciser is accompanied by a Chart of 20 different exercises, all specially selected and invented by the Editor of "H. & S."

Special Offer.—This chart will be carefully marked with special curative exercises by our Correspondence Superintendent if the purchaser states his wishes when sending order.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

To The Athletic Appliance Co.,
Covent House, Burleigh Street,
Strand, W.C.

Please send me "Health & Strength" Exerciser and Developer ..... Strength. I enclose herewith 2/6 (3/-) and agree to pay three further instalment of 2/3 (2/9), one in a month from date, and second in two months, and the last in three months. You agree to send me the Developer at once, post free, and I agree not to sell it until I have completed the payments.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Strike out words not wanted.
Write very plainly. Cross all P.O.'s